

Printed by THO. WALKER, in Dame-street.



A N

ALPHABETICAL LIST

O F T H E

S O N G S.

A.

A S one bright summer's sultry day	27
Ariadne one morning	35
Ah! think not to deceive me	66
A youth adorned with every art	42
As flows the cool and purling rill	57
Ah whence the soft pangs which I feel	70
All you who wou'd wish to succeed	81
As Colin rang'd early one morning	111
As tink'ring Tom thro' streets	114
Ask if yon damask rose is sweet	119
Ah! my friends you little know	103
All in the downs the fleet was moor'd	122
As I went to the wake that is held in the green	144
A band of Cupids t'other day	143
Ah! cease this affection	5
Away, to the copse lead the way	22
At the sign of the horse, old Spintext of course	163
A curse attends that woman's love	170

B.

B UT, oh! sweet Miss your temper keep!	10
But now let me flaunt it,	11
Bright the sky, and calm the ocean,	40
Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd	46
Believe, my sighs, my tears, my dear	73
Brisk wine and women are	85
By the gaily circling glass	88
Banish sorrow, let's drink and be merry	152
Bear, oh bear me of a sudden	20
By some I am told I am wrinkled and old	62

C.

C ONTENTED I am and contented	22
Come bustle, bustle, drink about	35
Can such usage be borne	9
Come haste to the wedding, ye friends	43
Cupid, god of soft persuasion	54
Cease, gay seducers, pride to take	55
Cast, my love, thine eyes around	92
Come cheer up, my lads	104
Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses	116
Come Roger and Nell	133
Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks	137
Come rouse, brother sportsman, the hunters	19
Come let us begin, for the clock has struck	149
Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer	158

D.

D INNER o'er, and grace said,	31
Drink to me only with thine eyes	99
De'el take the wars that hurry'd Willy	169

E.

E VERY mortal some favorite pleasure	89
---	----

F. FOOL,

F.

F OOL, fool in grain	12
Fair and sweet	40
Free from sorrow, free from strife	48
For various purposes serves the fan	80
Fair Kitty, beautiful and young	101
From the man whom I love	124
From tyrant laws and customs free	151
Fill, fill, fill the glass,	154

G.

G ENTLE youth, ah tell me why	52
Gratitude with smiling face	73
Go, lovely rose, tell her	100
Guardian angels, now protect me,	162

H.

H APPY the nymph who ne'er can know	7
Hear me, blooming goddess,	66
Hail to thy living sight	41
Hope, thou nurse of young desire	51
How happy were my days 'till now	54
How blest the maid whose bosom	55
How can I my heart surrender	57
How happy was I my blithe Jockey to see	68
Hark, hark the joy inspiring horn	71
Hark what discord fills our ears	84
Hark! 'tis I your own true lover	82
How happy a state does a miller possess	136
He that will not merry, merry be	103
How shall I in language weak	14
Hail England, old England	155
How happy could I be with either	59
He's as tight a lad to see to	63
Here's a good old song made by a good	156

I.

I Saw what seem'd a harmless child	6
I will have my humour, I'll please	7
If I have some—little—beauty	9
If a kiss you wou'd gain,	39
I am young and I am friendless	61
If that's all you want who the plague	50
In infancy our hopes and fears	14
If o'er the cruel tyrant love	15
If love with cruel dart	80
If love's a sweet passion	90
In April when primroses paint the sweet	85
I made love to Kate	109
In Italy, Germany, France I have been	14
I'll fly these groves, this hated shade	4
In the days of my youth	59
Indeed forsooth a pretty youth	60
Jupiter wenches and drinks	64

L.

LET heroes delight in toils of war	12
Let beauty with the sun arise	43
Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish,	94
Lord ! Sir, you seem mighty uneasy	50
Let gay ones and great	62
Let rakes and libertines resign'd	61
Let not rage thy bosom firing	79
Life's a garden rich in treasure	81
Let masonry from pole to pole	83
Last week in the grove	86
Let the grave and the gay	88
Let me wander not unseen	122
Let the tempest of war	124
Love's a dream of mighty pleasure	138
Let other men sing of their goddesses bright	16
Let the learn'd and unlearn'd still plan	162
Let poets prate of Venus' charms	166
My	

M.

M Y heart's my own, my will is free	52
My Jenny and I have toil'd	78
My temples with clusters of grapes	113
My fond shepherds of late were so blest	134
Mankind so deceitful are grown	150
Mr. Simkin, I'd have you to know	3
My aunt an old maiden of three-score	58

N.

N OW old England's flag is Commander	30
Now May her charms discloses	77
No longer let whimsical Songsters compare	95
Near the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill	97
No nymph that trips the verdant plains	112
Near a thick grove whose deep	117
Now the happy knot is ty'd	142

O.

O NE evening good humour took wit as his	24
On a brook's grassy brink, in the	28
One morning, by appointment, Maria	33
Our chorus to Bacchus, to Bacchus	38
Of women to tell you my mind	8
O Death and Hell!	12
Oh! what a simpleton was I	50
Oh! had I been by fate decreed	53
Oons, neighbour, ne'er blush at a trifle	56
Once the gods of the Greeks	93
One midsummer morning	115
O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly	135
Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil	152
Once in our lives	ib.
One conduct's for	2
Oh, why will you call me again	21
Oh talk not to me of the wealth she possesses	61
Oh	

[viii]

Oh what pleasures will abound 61
Oh me, oh me, what shall we do 65

P.

PUSH the bottle about, name the toast 37
Philomel in the hawthorn bower 76
Push about the brisk bowl 18

R.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses 135

S.

SISTERS of the tuneful strain 44
Still in hopes to get the better 35
Spring renews the smiling year 75
Say little foolish fluttering thing 17
Sweet echo, sweetest nymph 103
See! see! the full bowl 151
Somehow my spindle I mislaid 3

T.

THE travellers that through desarts ride 6
The poor exile, who leaving his friends 7
The noblest heart, like purest gold 40
To heal the smart a bee had made 42
The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O, 13
Then hey for a frolicksome life 50
To speak my mind of womenkind ib.
There was a jolly miller once 53
Think, my fairest, how delay 54
The world is a well furnish'd table 56
The traveller benighted 57
To the soft murmuring stream I will sing 72
There lived a sweet lovely dear girl 67
To please the bucks of this gay town 74
To sigh and complain 79
The

The soldier tir'd of wars alarms	60
This cold flinty heart it is you who have	168
The echoing horn	62
The tuneful lark on other wings	82
Tho' Cloe's out of fashion	98
The world, my dear Myra	99
The gentle swan with graceful pride	87
The sun from the east	90
The virgin when softened by May	91
'Twas at the gate of Calais	105
To dear Amarillis young Strephon had long	109
The lark's thrill notes awake the morn	ibid.
To ease his heart and own his flame	110
The silver moon's enamour'd beam	125
The morning fresh, the sun in east	130
The fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride	140
T'other day as I sat in the Sycamore shade	139
The sprightly horn awakes the morn	138
Tom Ramble, a rake of true catholic hope	145
Though prudence may press me	1
The nymph, who in my bosom reigns	2
The whims of folks in love to know	4
To die is nothing; 'tis our end, we know	6
Though to have a bout of drinking	5
Thoughts to council let me see	16
The hounds are all out, and the morning	17
The modes of the court so common are grown	59
Thou hast run awa, thou hast run awa	65
The women all tell me I'm false to my last	127
There was a fair maiden, her name it was	161
There was a miller's daughter	167
The gods and the goddesses lately did feast	170

V.

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its 135

W. WHEN

W.

WHEN first the youth his fears forfook	8
When bick' rings hot	10
When you're bosky, half-seas over	11
With your wife, sir, ne'er dispute	ibid.
With such a brisk widow to whirl time away	39
When love at first approach is seen	41
While on earth's soft lap descending	ibid.
Was I sure a life to lead	48
With the man that I love was I destin'd	ibid.
Why, how now, Miss Pert!	49
When you meet a tender creature	ibid.
Whence can you inherit	52
When once love's subtle poison gains	53
Well, well, say no more	21
Was ever poor fellow so plagu'd with	55
When we see a lover languish	56
With doubts and fears for her I love	58
When trees did bud and fields were green	68
Water parted from the sea	15
When I was young, tho' now I'm old	21
When late I wander'd o'er the plain	80
Wou'd you wish o'er a maid to prevail	83
What shepherd or nymph of the grove	96
When first I saw the graceful maid!	85
What means that tender sigh, my dear	120
With women and wine	119
While others strip the new fall'n snows	126
When Britain first at Heaven's command	128
When daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue	131
When all the Attic fire was fled	132
With swords on their thighs	134
Wherever I'am going, and all the day	142
When blushes dy'd the cheek of morn	141
When Venus, queen of soft desires	147
When I was a midshipman in the	148
Why must I appear so deceitful	1

Women

Women and wine compare so well	5
When first I saw my fair in bed	154
Wine does wonders every day	19
When I followed a lass that was froward	ibid.
When beauty on the lover's soul	57
Was I a shepherd's maid to keep	63

Y.

Y E lads of true spirit pay courtship	25
You impudent man, you!	8
Ye Warwickshire lads and ye lasses	45
Young I am, and fore afraid	14
Young Colin having much to say	69
Ye lasses who long love's	66
Yet a while, sweet sleep	84
Ye fair possess'd of every charm	100
Ye fair married dames	105
Ye mortals, whom fancies	121
Young Colin protests I'm his joy and	129
Ye chearful virgins, have you seen	132
Ye virgins attend,	139
You ask me in vain	151
Ye social friends of claret and of wit	172

THE NEW

LONDON SONGSTER.

SONG I.

WHY must I appear so deceitful?
 I cannot, dear father, comply:
 Ah! could I think him so ungrateful,
 With anguish I surely should die.

What so tender, at parting, he told me,
 Which such joy to my bosom convey'd;
 When next he was doom'd to behold me,
 Could I think would be this way repaid?

SONG II.

THOUGH prudence may press me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, O, what can they do!
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over,
 My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.

The bee, thus as changing,
 From sweet, to sweet, ranging,
 A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
 With raptures possessing,
 In one every blessing,
 'Till, torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

B

SONG

SONG III.

ONE conduct's for
 Both love and war,
 The point's to gain possession;
 For this we watch
 The enemy's coast,
 'Till we, sleeping, catch
 Them on their post:
 Then good b'ye form,
 The fort we storm,
 And by these arts,
 Make towns or hearts
 Surrender at discretion.

In love the only battery,
 Which, with success, we play,
 To conquer hearts, is flattery:
 No fortress can its power withstand,
 Neither cannons, mortars, sword in hand,
 Can make such way.

As 'tis in love, so 'tis in war,
 We make believe,
 Mislead, deceive;
 Pray, what serve drums and trumpets for?
 Cannons, and all our force of arms?
 But with their thundering alarms,
 To tell, not cover, our designs;
 Can these to trenches, breaches, mines,
 Blockades, or ambuscades, compare?
 No, all agree
 That policy,
 Is the true art militaire.

SONG IV.

THE nymph, who in my bosom reigns,
 With such full force my heart enchains,
 That nothing ever can impair,
 The empire she possesses there.

Who

Who digs for stones of radiant ray,
 Finds baser matter in his way;
 The worthless load he may contemn,
 But prizes still and seeks the gem.

S O N G V.

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,
 And lost it underneath the grass;
 Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
 And said, what seek you, pretty lass?
 A little love, but urg'd with care,
 Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing nigh yon spreading oak,
 That I my spindle lost just now;
 His knife then kindly Damon took,
 And from the tree he cut a bough.
 A little love, &c. &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
 While me he tenderly beheld;
 He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
 For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.
 A little love, &c. &c.

S O N G VI.

MR. Simkin, I'd have you to know,
 That for all your fine airs,
 I'm not at my last pray'rs,
 Nor put to it so,
 That of course I must take up with you;
 For I really, Sir, think, that tho' husbands are few,
 I need not go far off to seek,
 For a better than you any day of the week.
 To be sure, I must own, I was foolish enough,
 To believe all the tenderness, nonsense, and stuff,
 Which for ever you dinn'd in my ears;
 And when for a while you've been out of my sight,
 The day has been comfortless, dreary the night,
 And my only companions my tears;

But now that's all o'er,
I hate you, despise you, will see you no more.

SONG VII.

THE whims of folks in love to know,
I believe would fairly pose Old Nick:
This moment fast—next moment slow;

Now consenting,

Now repenting,

Nor at this, or that will stick;

But changing still,

They won't—they will—

When they mean Yes, they'll answer No;

And fume and fret,

This hour to get

What they dislik'd an hour ago.

If you expect to find them here,

To t'other side they quickly vere;

The wind and tide,

In the same mood will longer bide:

Like two fond turtles, side by side,

This hour they woo,

And bill and coo!

Then, by and by,

No reason why,

They make the devil and all to do!

SONG VIII.

I'LL fly these groves, this hated shade,

Each sound I hear, each thing I see,

Remind me, thou perfidious maid!

Of vows so often maid by thee.

Blush! blush, Louisa! and look there;

Where's now thy truth? oh! tell me where?

Thy constancy's no more;

And like a wretch, by tempest tost,

My peace is gone, nay, hope is lost,

I sink in sight of shore!

SONG

SONG IX.

THOUGH to have a bout at drinking,
 When I hear the glasses chinking,
 There's nothing but I'd do, or say,
 Yet Skirmish ne'er shall run away.

For here is his motto, and so there's an end :
 He's none of your flatt'ers, who fawn and are civil ;
 But for country, his bottle, his king, or his friend,
 Little Skirmish would go half way to the devil.

Soldiers often fickle prove,
 Who can know his mind for ever ?
 We forgive you false in love,
 But Deferters never, never.

SONG X.

AH ! cease this affliction, your troubles are past,
 Of care and disquiet, that sigh was your last :
 How could you once harbour a doubt of my love ?
 The girl you convers'd with, the feast and the rest,
 The musick and dancing was all but a jest,
 A frolick design'd your affections to prove.

Believe me, Louisa reluctant comply'd,
 Her father commanded—intreaty was vain ;
 Or, I swear by this hand, I would rather have dy'd,
 Than have given my Henry a moment of pain.

SONG XI.

WOMEN and wine compare so well,
 They run in a perfect parallel ;
 For women bewitch us when they will,
 And so does wine ;
 They make the statesman lose his skill,
 The soldier, lawyer, and divine :
 They put strange whims in the gravest skull,
 And send their wits to gather wool ;

Then since the world thus runs away,
 And women and wine,
 Are like divine;
 Let's love all night, and drink all day!

S O N G XII.

TO die, is nothing; it is our end, we know;
 But 'tis a fure release from all our woe;
 'Tis from the mind to set the body free,
 And rid the world of wretched things like me.

A thousand ways our troubles here increase;
 While care succeeding care, destroys our peace;
 Why fly we then? what can such comfort give?
 We cease to suffer, when we cease to live.

S O N G XIII.

I Saw, what seem'd a harmless child,
 With wings, and bow,
 And aspect mild;
 Who fobb'd, and sigh'd, and pin'd,
 And begg'd I would some boon bestow,
 On a poor little boy, stone blind.

Not aware of the danger, too soon I comply'd,
 For exulting he cry'd,
 And drew from his quiver a dart;
 My pow'r you shall know,
 Then levell'd his bow,
 And wounded me—right in the heart.

S O N G XIV.

THE trav'lers, that through desarts ride
 By conduct of some friendly star;
 When clouds obscure their trusty guide,
 Out of their course must wander far.
 So I, with pensive care and pain,
 In absence still must stray;
 'Till you, my star, shine out again,
 And light me on my way.

SONG XV.

HAPPY the Nymph who ne'er can know
 Distractions which from riches grow,
 Remov'd at distance from the great,
 Who willing lives in low estate.

One fountain is her mirror, and her drink,
 And if she's pleas'd, what others think
 It matters not—of joy secure,
 Blest in the little Heav'n has sent,
 Her only pride is that she's poor;
 Poor, but content.

SONG XVI.

I Will have my humour, I'll please all my senses,
 I'll neither be stinted in love, nor expences:
 I'll dress with profusion, I'll game without mea-
 sure,
 You shall have the bus'ness, and I'll have the plea-
 sure.

By every incentive I'll rouse inclination,
 More changing, capricious, and vain, than the
 fashion;
 In short, I'll take care by the bent of my carriage,
 To shew you the sweets and the comforts of mar-
 riage.

SONG XVII.

THE poor exile, who leaving his friends and
 his home,
 Leaves more than his life, more than fortune, or
 fame;
 Is doom'd, without hope, thus un pity'd to roam,
 His sufferings unmourn'd, and forgotten his name.
 But justice condemn'd him, his sentence is past,
 His fate is pronounc'd, and he must be resign'd;
 With fortune he struggles indeed—but at last,
 To her rigid will, learns to fashion his mind.

S O N G XVIII.

WHEN first the youth his fears forsook,
 And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
 What sweetness was in ev'ry look!
 What eloquence, in ev'ry word!

From her whole store, to make me blest'd,
 Did fortune bid me choose;
 How gladly would I all the rest
 For love, and him, refuse.

S O N G XIX.

YOU impudent man, you!
 Nay, prithee, how can you?
 Indeed, I'll assure you,
 Will nothing then cure you?—
 Nay, now I declare I shall never endure you.

You tease one to death,
 I'm quite out of breath,
 I hate and abhor this horse play;
 Besides 'tis not right,
 To see one this fright;
 Lord, what do you think folks will say?

I own too much room,
 You have had to presume,
 Or you ne'er with these freedoms would tease me;
 For though they might please me,
 And with patience I bore 'em;
 Yet at least in one's carriage,
 On this side of marriage,
 One ought to keep up a decorum.

S O N G XX.

OF woman to tell you my mind,
 And I speak from the experience I've had,
 Not two out of fifty you'll find
 Be they daughters or wives,
 But are plagues of our lives,
 And enough to make any man mad.

The

The wrong and the right,
 Being set in their fight,
 They're sure to take hold of the wrong;
 They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
 They'll whine and they'll snivel,
 They'll coax, and they'll simper—
 In short, they're the devil;
 And so there's an end of my song.

S O N G X X I.

CAN such usage be borne?
 Indeed—I'll be sworn
 He fancies to make me a tool;
 A lacquey, an ass,
 But I'll not let it pass,
 No, no, I'm not quite such a fool.

'Tis all in my head, and no longer I'll stay,
 But go and see how the nail drives;
 If I find he desires to be friends,
 And strives
 For this conduct to make some amends,
 Not a syllable have I to say:
 But if he thinks
 To palm on me this minx,
 Whose story's, I warrant, well taught her—
 Lord, how I will use him!
 I'll scold him, revile him, reproach and abuse
 him,
 And then run away with his daughter.

S O N G X X I I.

IF I have some—little—beauty—
 Can I help it?—No, not I;—
 Some good luck, too—'tis my duty
 Gifts so precious to apply.
 Nature—Fortune—gave 'em freely,
 And I'll use 'em—quite genteelly.

If the smarts of the sky
 Cringe, ogle and sigh,
 Whene'er I pass by ;
 And cry,
 Looky' there !
 What an air !
 Gods, how fair !
 Pray, why .
 (To feed your starch'd pride)
 Must I go and hide,
 'Till you're made a bride ?
 Who, I ?
 No, no—If I do, may I die.

S O N G XXIII.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
 To high words got,
 Break out at gamiorum ;
 The flame to cool,
 My golden rule
 Is—push about the jorum.
 With first on jug,
 Coifs who can lug ?
 Or shew me that glib speaker,
 Who her red rag
 In gibe can wag,
 With her mouth full of liquor.

S O N G XXIV.

BUT, ah ! sweet Miss, your temper keep !
 Your peace my boy shall ne'er invade ;
 Cupid shall not break your sleep,
 You shall still remain a maid :
 All ever-green
 Be Pallas seen !
 Laurels her learned brows adorn !
 Baleful yew,
 Cypress too !
 Roses alone ne'er deck that thorn.

S O N G XXV.

WHEN you're bosky, half-seas over,
 Doxies wind you as they please;
 Through their eyes you then discover,
 That the moon's a huge green-cheese.
 They have their wits,
 Mind their own hits;
 Nick the fit
 To wheedle a bit,
 With a tip
 Of the lip,
 And a roguish squeeze.
 Jovy, my soul!—
 What does it say?—
 Fire the North pole!
 Jove's your valet.—
 When you're bosky, &c.

S O N G XXVI.

WITH your wife, Sir, ne'er dispute,
 Lady of the manor she;
 Due to her the choicest fruit,
 Due to her the branch and tree;
 And you know she'll have her right;
 Yes, Sir, morning, noon, and night.

S O N G XXVII.

BUT now let me flaunt it,
 Rant, flirt it, and jaunt it,
 Gallant it, and dress it away;
 At op'ra and ball,
 Play, concerts, and all,
 I warrant I carry the day.
 I'll make the folks stare
 By clubbing my hair;
 I'll logie, I'll prattle,
 The dice-box I'll rattle,
 Lose thousands and call it mere sport;

While

While men all admire me,
 All ladies desire me,
 Sweet Paris, the pink of the court!

S O N G XXVIII.

LET heroes delight in the toils of the war,
 In maims, blood, and bruises, and blows;
 Not a sword, but a sword-knot rejoices the Fair:
 And what are rough soldiers to beaux?
 Away then with laurels! come beauty and love,
 And silence the trumpet and drum;
 Let me with soft myrtle my brows bear inwove,
 And tenderly combat at home.

S O N G XXIX.

O Death and hell!
 Truce with this yell!
 'Blood! why d'ye bawl so?
 Keep the King's peace within these walls, ho:
 Ladies! you can't think it civil,
 In Heaven to play the Devil!
 And you—you frosty-face dragon!
 You to keep this bolly-rag on!
 Do spare your lungs
 This tear away;
 Give your poor tongues
 One holiday.

S O N G XXX.

FOOL, fool in grain
 Is he,
 Fond and vain,
 Of brain
 Quite dizzy,
 Who, when out o' place,
 Hopes at Court an embrace,
 Nic, th' old fiend,
 Will first pretend,

For his own end,
 To be your friend;
 Caught in
 The gin
 Of sin
 He'll grin
 At your disgrace.

S O N G X X X I .

THE pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The pride of all nature was sweet Willy O,
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O,
 The first of all swains,
 He gladden'd the plains,
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.
 None ever was like to the sweet Willy O.

He sung it so rarely did sweet Willy O,
 He melted each maid,
 So skilful he play'd,
 No shepherd e'er pip'd like the sweet Willy O.

All nature obey'd him, the sweet Willy O;
 Wherever he came,
 What e'er had a name,
 Whenever he sung follow'd sweet Willy O.

He would be a soldier, the sweet Willy O;
 When arm'd in the field,
 With sword and with shield,
 The laurel was won by the sweet Willy O.

He charmed them when living, the sweet Willy O;
 And when Willy dy'd,
 'Twas nature that sigh'd,
 To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.

S O N G XXXII.

IN infancy our hopes and fears,
 Were to each other known;
 And friendship, in our riper years
 Has twin'd our heart in one.

O clear him then from this offence,
 Thy love, thy duty prove;
 Restore him with that innocence
 Which first inspir'd my love.

S O N G XXXIII.

YOUNG I am and fore afraid,
 Would you hurt a harmless maid?
 Lead an innocent astray?
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe,
 And should you my faith deceive,
 Ruin first, and then forsake,
 Sure my tender heart would break

S O N G XXXIV.

HOW shall I in language weak,
 My ardent passion tell!
 Or from my falt'ring tongue to speak,
 That cruel word, farewell!

Farewell—but know tho' thus we part
 My thoughts can never stray,
 Go where I will, my constant heart
 Must with my charmer stay.

S O N G XXXV.

IN Italy, Germany, France I have been,
 Where princes I've liv'd with, where monarchs
 I've seen;

The great have carefs'd me,
 The fair have address'd me,
 Nay, smiles, I have had from a queen.

And,

And, now, shall a pert,
Insignificant flirt,
With insolence use me;
Presume to refuse me;

She fancies my pride will be hurt.

But tout au contraire,

I'm pleas'd I declare;

Quite happy, to think, I escaped from the snare:

Serviteur Mam'sele; my claim I withdraw

Hey! where ere my people; fal, la, la, la.

SONG XXXVI.

WATER parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide;
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile valleys glide:

Yet in search of lost repose,

Doom'd, like me, forlorn to roam,

Still it murmurs as it flows,

Till it reaches its native home.

SONG XXXVII.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant love,
A conquest I believ'd;
'The flatt'ring error cease to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,

Which love did first create;

What was my pride, is now my shame,

And must be turn'd to hate.

Then call not to my weav'ring mind

The weakness of my heart;

Which, Ah! I feel too much inclin'd

To take the traitor's part.

SONG XXXVIII.

YOU ask me in vain,
Of what ills I complain,
Where harbours the torment I find;

In my head, in my heart,
It invades ev'ry part,
And subdues both my body and mind.

Each effort I try,
Ev'ry med'cine apply,
The pangs of my soul to appease;
But doom'd to indure,
What I mean for a cure,
Turns poison and feeds the disease.

S O N G XXXIX.

LET other men sing of their goddesses bright,
That darkens the day and enlivens the night,
I'll sing of a woman of such flesh and blood
That a touch of her finger wou'd do your heart
good.

Ten times in a day to my charmer I come,
To tell her my passion, but can't, I'm struck dumb;
For Cupid he seizes my heart with surprize,
That my tongue falls a-sleep at the sight of her eyes.

Your little dog Pompey, is my rival I see,
You kifs him, and hug him, but frowns upon me;
Then prithee, dear Charlotte, abuse not your
charms,
Instead of dog Pompey, take me to your arms.

S O N G XL.

THOUGHTS to council—let me see,
Hum—to be, or not to be,
A husband is the question.

A cuckold! must that follow?

Say what men will,
Wedlock's a pill,
Bitter to swallow,
And hard of digestion,

But

But fear makes the danger seem double.
 Say, Hymen, what mischief can trouble
 My peace, shou'd I venture to try you ?
 My doors shall be lock'd,
 My windows be block'd ;
 No male in my house,
 Not so much as a mouse :
 Then horns, horns, I defy you.

S O N G X L I .

SAY little foolish flutt'ring thing,
 Whither, ah ! whither would you wing,
 Your airy flight ;
 Stay here and sing,
 Your mistress to delight.
 No, no, no,
 Sweet Robin, you shall not go ;
 Where, you wanton, could you be,
 Half so happy as with me ?

S O N G X L I I .

THE Hounds are all out, and the morning does
 peep ;
 Why, how now you sluggardly sot !
 How can you, how can you, lie snoring asleep,
 While we all on horseback are got,
 My brave boys ?
 While we all on horseback are got.

 I cannot get up, for the over night's cup
 So terribly lies in my head ;
 Besides my wife cries, my dear do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer in bed,
 My dear boy,
 But cuddle me longer in bed.

 Come draw on your boots, and saddle your mare,
 Nor tire us with longer delay ;

The

The cry of the hounds and the sight of the hare,
Will chase all dull vapours away,
My brave boys,
Will chase all dull vapours away.

SONG XLIII.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart ;

While thus we sit round on the grafs,
The lover who talks of his suff'rings and smart,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The wretch who sits watching his ill gotten pelf,
And wishes to add to the mass;

Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

The beau, who so smart with his well powder'd
hair,

An angel beholds in his glaſs,
And thinks with grimace to ſubdue all the fair,
May juſtly be reckon'd an aſs.

The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
Of Cræfus the wealth to surpass;
And oft' while he's wand'ring, his deary at home,
Claps the horns of an ox on an ass.

The lawyer so grave when he puts in his plea,
With forehead well cover'd with brafs;
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee,
There you, my good friend, are the afs.

The formal phyfician, who knows ev'ry ill,
Shall laft be produc'd in this clafs ;
The fick man a while may confide in his fkill ;
But death proves the doctor an afs.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay ;
By turns take the bottle and lasfs ;
For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,
Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

SONG

S O N G XLIV.

WINE does wonders ev'ry day,
 It makes the heavy light and gay,
 Throws off their melancholy ;
 It makes the busy toy and play,
 It makes the upright go astray,
 And the poor and needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling cowards bold,
 Men in years forget they're old,
 Women leave their coy disdainings,
 Who before were shy and cold ;
 It makes the miser flight his gold,
 And the foppish entertaining.

S O N G XLV.

WHEN I follow'd a lass that was froward and
 thy,
 O! I stuck to her stiff 'till I made her comply,
 O! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
 And I smack'd her lips, and I held her fast.
 When hug'd and haul'd,
 She squeal'd and squall'd ;
 And tho' she vow'd all I did was in vain,
 Yet I pleas'd her so well that she bore it again.
 Yet I pleas'd, &c.

Then hoity toity,
 Whisking, friking,
 Green was her gown upon the grafs ;
 O! such was the joy of our dancing days,
 O! such was the joy of our dancing days.

S O N G XLVI.

COME, rouse brother sportsmen, the hunters
 all cry,
 We've got a good scent and a fav'ring sky ;
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early
 song,
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.
 Bright

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his
face,

Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chase;
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you perhaps to lie down;
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown:
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place,
For, as well as her charms, there are charms in
the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
At his brush nimbly follows brisk chanter and fly;
They seize on their prey; see his eye-balls they
roll:

We're in at the death—now let's home to the
bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the
King,

From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring:
To George, peace and glory may Heaven dispense,
And fox hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

S O N G XLVII.

BEAR, oh bear me of a sudden,
Some kind stroke of smiling chance,
From this land of beef and pudding,
To dear Italy or France:

I'm sick to the soul,
Politicks and sea-coal,
Have given me the vapours;
Their cursed news-papers,
Their nobbing,
Stock-jobbing,
Are horrors to me:

I wish the whole island was sunk in the sea.

S O N G

SONG XLVIII.

WHEN I were young, tho' now am old,
 The men were kind and true ;
 But now they're grown so false and bold,
 What can a woman do ?
 Now what can a woman do ?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly,
 I tremble at seventy two ?

When I were fair—tho' now so so,
 No hearts were given to rove,
 Our pulses beat nor fast, nor slow,
 But all was faith, and love ;
 Now what can a woman do ?
 For men are truly,
 So unruly
 I tremble at seventy-two !

SONG XLIX.

O ! Why will you call me again,
 'Tis in vain, 'tis in vain ;
 The pow'rs of a god
 Cannot quicken this clod,
 Alas !—it is labour in vain :
 O Venus ! my mother, some new object give her !
 This blunts all my arrows, and empties my quiver.

SONG L.

WELL, well, say no more,
 Sure I told you before ;
 I know the full length of my tether ;
 Do you think I'm a fool,
 That I need go to school ?
 I can spell you and put you together.
 A word to the wife
 Will always suffice,
 Adsniggers go talk to your parrot ;

I'm

I'm not fuch an elf,
 Tho' I fay it myfelf,
 But I know a fheep's head from a carrot.

S O N G L I.

A Way to the copfe lead away,
 And now, my brave boys, throw off the hounds;
 I'll warrant he'll fhew us fome play:
 See yonder he skulks thro' the ground.
 Then fpur your brisk courfers, and fmoke 'em, my
 bloods,

'Tis a delicate fcent-lying morn:
 What concert is equal to thofe of the woods,
 Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn?

Each earth fee he tries at in vain,
 In cover no fafety can find;
 So he breaks it and fcours amain,
 And leaves us at diftance behind.
 O'er rocks and o'er rivers and hedges we fly,
 All hazard and danger we fcorn;
 Stout Reynard we'll follow, until that he die:
 Chear up the good dogs with the horn.

And now he fcarce peeps thro' the dale,
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;
 His fpeed can no longer avail,
 Nor his cunning his life can prolong.
 From our ftaunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain
 that he fled,
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn;
 The farmers with pleafure behold him lie dead,
 And fhout to the found of the horn.

S O N G L I I.

Tune,—*The Hounds are all out.*

Contented I am, and contented I'll be,
 For what can this world more afford,
 Than a lafs who will fociably fit on my knee,
 And a cellar as fociably ftor'd,

My brave boys.

My

My Vault door is open, descend and improve,
 That cask,—aye, that we will try;
 'Tis as rich to the taste as the lips of your love,
 And as bright as her cheeks to the eye.

In a piece of slit hoop, see my candle is stuck,
 'Twill light us each bottle to hand:
 The foot of my glass for that purpose I broke,
 As I hate that a bumper should stand.

Astride on a butt, as a butt shou'd be strode,
 I gallop the brusher along;
 Like grape blessing Bacchus, the good fellow's God,
 And a sentiment give, or a song.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the oozing drops
 seem

With pearls the moist walls to emboss;
 From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in gothic taste stream
 Like stucco-work cut out of moss.

When the lamp is brimful how the taper flame
 shines,

Which when moisture is wanting decays;
 Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
 Or else there's an end of my blaze.

Sound those pipes, they're in tune, and those bins
 are well fill'd,

View that heap of Old Hock in your rear;
 Yon bottles are Burgundy! mark how they're pil'd,
 Like artillery, tier over tier.

My cellar's my camp, and my soldiers my flasks,
 All gloriously rang'd in review;
 When I cast my eyes round I consider my casks
 As kingdoms I've yet to subdue.

Like *Macedon's Madman* my glass I'll enjoy,
 Defying hyp, gravel, or gout;
 He cry'd when he had no more worlds to destroy,
 I'll weep when my liquor is out.

On their stumps some have fought, and as stoutly
will I,

When reeling, I roll on the floor;
Then my legs must be lost, so I'll drink as I lie,
And dare the best Buck, to do more.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear shall be shed,
No *Hic jacet* be cut on my stone;
But pour on my coffin a bottle of red,
And say that His drinking is done,

My brave boys,

S O N G LIII.

Tune,—*Cupid sent on an Errand, &c.*

ONE evening, Good Humour took Wit as his
guest,
By Friendship invited to Gratitude's feast;
Their liquor was claret, and love was their host,
Laugh, song, and droll sentiment, garnish'd each
toast.

While Freedom and Fancy enlarg'd the design,
And dainties were furnish'd by Love, Wit, and
Wine,
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a loud knock,
A watchman hoarse bawling, 'Twas past Twelve
o'Clock.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing dog found,
And up stairs they brought the Impertinent, bound;
When dragg'd to the light, how much were they
pleas'd

To see 'twas the grey-glutton Time they had seiz'd.
His glass was his lanthorn, his scythe was his
pole,

And his single lock dangled adown his smooth skull;
My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought fit to
knock,

And bid ye begone, for 'tis past Twelve o'Clock.
Says

Says the venom'd-tooth'd Savage, on this advice fix,
 Tho' nature strikes twelve, folly still points to fix;
 He longer had preach'd, but no longer they'd bear
 it,

So hurry'd him into a hoghead of claret.

Wit observ'd it was right, while we're yet in our
 prime,

There is nothing like claret for killing of Time;
 Love, laughing reply'd, I am pleas'd from my heart,
 He can't come and put us in mind we must part.

This intruder, rude Time, tho' a tyrant long known,
 By Love, Wit, and Wine can be only o'erthrown;
 If hereafter he's wanted on any design,
 He'll always be found in a hoghead of wine.

Since Time is confined to our wine, let us think
 By this rule we are sure of our time when we drink;
 Henceforth let our glasses with bumpers be prim'd,
 We're certain our drinking must now be well tim'd.

S O N G L I V.

Tune,—*Shanbuy*.

YE lads of true spirit pay courtship to claret,
 Released from the trouble of thinking;
 A fool long ago said, we nothing cou'd know,—
 The fellow knew nothing of drinking.

To pore over Plato,

Or practise with Cato,

Dispassionate dunces might make us;

But men now more wise,

Self-denial despise,

And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big wigg'd, in fine coach, see the Doctor approach,
 And solemnly up the stairs paces,

Gravely smell on his cane, apply finger to vein,
 And count the repeats with grimaces.

As he holds pen in hand,

Life and Death's at a stand,

C

A tofs-

A tofs-up which party will take us;
 Away with his cant,
 No prescription we want,
 But the nourishing noſtrums of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,
 While miſers 'midſt millions are pining;
 While ladies are ſcorning, and lovers are mourning,
 We laugh at wealth, wenching and whining.
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime,
 Tofs a bottle to Time,
 He'll not make ſuch haſte to o'ertake us;
 His threats we prevent,
 And his cracks we cement,
 By the ſtyptical baſam of Bacchus.

What work there is made by the news-paper trade,
 Of this man and t'other man's ſtation;
 The Ins are all bad, and the Outs are all mad,
 In and Out is the cry of the nation.
 The politic patter,
 Which both parties chatter,
 From bumpering freely ſhan't ſhake us;
 With half-pints in hand,
 Independent we'll ſtand,
 To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motion well tim'd, you're charg'd and
 you're prim'd,
 Have a care!—Right and left, and make ready—
 Right hand to glaſs join—at lips reſt the wine—
 But be in your exerciſe ſteady.
 Our levels we boaſt,
 When our women we toaſt,
 May graciouſly they undertake us;
 No more we deſire,
 So drink and give fire,
 And volley to Beauty and Bacchus.

SONG LV.

Tune,—*I'm like a Skiff on the Ocean tofs'd.*

AS one bright summer's sultry day,
For sake of shade I sought the grove;
Thro' thickset-hedge, on top of hay,
I met with mutual Love:

A youth with one arm round his pretty girl's waist,
On small swelling breasts he his other hand plac'd,
While she cry'd Dick be still,
Pray tell me what's your will?

"I come (quoth Dick) to have some chat."
And close to hers, his lips he squeez'd;

"I guess (cries Doll) what you'd be at,
"But now I won't be teaz'd."

She strove to rise up, but his strength held her down,
She call'd out for help! and petition'd the clown,

"O Dick, dear, let me rise,

"The sun puts out my eyes.

"I'll tear your soul out!—Lord! these men,
If ever——well——I won't submit.——"

"Why? what? the devil!—curse me then!——"

"You'll fling me in a fit."

Down, like a bent lily, her head dropp'd astant,
Her eyes lost the day-light, her breath became
scant,

And, feebly, on her tongue

Expiring accents hung.

The chorus birds sung o'er their heads,

The breeze blew rustling thro' the grove,
Sweet smelt the hay, on new mown meads,

All seem'd the scene of love.

Dick offer'd to lift up the lass as she lay,

A look, full of tenderness, told him to stay;

"So soon, Dick, will you go?

"I wish——dear me!—heigh ho!"

Vibrating with heart-heaving sighs,
 Her tucker trembling to and fro,
 Her crimson'd cheeks, her glist'ning eyes,
 Proclaim'd possession's glow.
 Dick bid her farewell, but she, languishing, cry'd,
 As wanton she play'd by her fall'n shepherd's side;
 " A moment! pray sit still,
 " Since now you've had your will."
 " Lord ! (cries the girl) you hasty men,
 " Of love afford but one poor proof ;
 " Our fowls at home, each sparrow hen,
 " Is ten times better off.—
 " No! that you shou'd not, had I known your
 design, [have mine;
 " But, since you've had your will, pray let me
 " So once more, ere we rise,
 " Do, dear Dick, save my eyes."

S O N G LVI.

Tune,—*As Chloe on flowers reclined, &c.*

ON a brook's grassy brink, in the willow's cool
 shade,
 The primroses pressing, a damsel was laid ;
 She smil'd on the tide that roll'd limpid along,
 Beholding herself, to herself sung this song—
 'The 'Squire's fine Lady last night he brought home.
 What! tho' in such gay cloaths from London she's
 come,
 Had I costly fashions as well shou'd I seem,
 For fairer my face is, if truth's in this stream.
 Thro' Church-yard, on Sunday, as slowly I tread,
 While gaping louts, grinning, on tombstones are
 spread,
 I hear how they praise me, I keep on my way,
 And, down-looking, seem not to heed what they
 say.

Sometimes

Sometimes Lords and Captains, all over perfume,
Will stop me, and tell me, I'm beauty in bloom,
That I rival the rose,—that I'm whiter than snow:
I simper, and simply say—Don't jeer one so.

They've press'd me, they've promis'd, nay offer'd
me gold,

Sometimes (I assure them) they've strove to be bold;
They've talk'd of my treasure, they've call'd it a
gem,

To be sure so it is, but it is not for them.

No! no! 'tis for him, and 'tis only his part,
Who's the man of my hope, and the hopes of my
heart;

Who friendly instructs me, who fondly can play,
And his eyes always speak what his wishes would
say.

The ranging bee sweets from the honey-cup sips,
As sweet I taste love from the touch of his lips;
Oft my cheek on the fleece of my lambkins I rest,
But cold is that pillow compar'd to his breast.

'Tis here for my Fair one!—her Lover reply'd,
O'er the hedge as he leap'd, and light dropp'd at
her side;

She started! a moment life's bloom left her face,
But quick 'twas recall'd by the warmth of embrace.

She, languishing lay in love's tenderest scene,
And questioned the rambler where 'twas he had
been?

Why so he would fright her.—She'd scold him the
vow'd,

But a kiss was his plea, and that plea was allow'd.

'Till by kisses o'ercome, to his transports the yields,
The landscapes were lost, and forgot were the fields;
Each felt those sensations Susceptibles prove,
Who, mutually melting, exchange mutual love.

S O N G LVII.

Tune,—*O the Roast Beef of Old England.*

NOW Old England's flag is commander in
chief,
With Monsieur our Monarch turn'd o'er a new leaf,
Down, down with French dishes, up, up with
roast beef,

O the roast beef, &c.

In flat-bottoms, slyly, those schemers were coasting,
They threaten'd invasion, but spite of their boasting,
No ribs of roast beef had they; but a rib roasting.

While good English beef, and good English brown
beer,

Please our tastes, and each day on our tables ap-
pear,

What more can we hope for, or what can we fear?

The Spaniards once strove, by the strength of their
guns,

To make us keep lent, and to turn our girls nuns,
But we still roast our beef, for we basted the Dons.

At Minorca indeed, tho' I speak it with grief,
Our garrison fainted for want of relief,
'They grew out of hopes as they grew out of beef.

But at Minden, well fed, why we there fac'd about,
Right and left, van and rear, foot and horse,
put to rout;

'They wou'd be in our beef—but, avast, they were
out.

To plunder our cupboards, France sent the Brei-
fleet,

We a belly-full gave them without any meat;
'They then fold their plates 'cause they'd nothing
to eat.

We came, saw, and conquer'd, the French lilies
 droop,
 Louisbourg, Montreal, Martinique, Guadaloupe,
 Their towns we tofs'd up, just as they swallow
 soup.

By the strength of our beef we our bulwarks main-
 tain,

As liberty's first-born, and lords of the main;
 And those deeds are witness'd by France and by
 Spain.

All Knights, by their titles, in heraldy shine,
 Nay, writers romantic have styl'd some divine,
 But what are their Sirs to old England's Sir-loin.

Let us honour this dish, 'tis in dignity chief,
 For garnish will give it the noblest relief:
 Here's Liberty, Loyalty,—aye,—and Roast Beef.
 O the roast beef, &c.

S O N G LVIII.

Tune,—*Sing Tantararara Toast all.*

DINNER o'er, and grace said, we'll for bu-
 siness prepare,
 Arrang'd right and left in support of the chair,
 We'll chorus our song as the circling toast passes,
 And manage our bumpers as musical glasses.
 Sing tantararara toast all.

To your lips, my convivial, the Burgundy list,
 May we never want courage when put to a shift;—
 Here's what tars dislike, and what ladies like
 best :— [press'd!

What's that?—you may whisper, why, 'tis to be

Ye fowlers, who eager at partridges aim,
 Don't mark the maim'd covey, but mind better
 game ;

'Tis beauty's the sport to repay sportsmen's trouble,
 And there may our pointers stand still in the stubble.

To

To game we give law, and game laws we have
skill in,—

Here's love's laws, and they who those laws
are fulfilling.

But never may damsels demur to our sport,
Nor we suffer nonsuits when call'd into court.

As the Indians are warring, our game we must
flush,

On our breasts, as we lye, we present thro' a bush—
Here's the nest in that bush, and the bird-nesting
lover ;

Here's Middlesex bush-fighting,—rest and recover.

Asthmatical gluttons exist but to eat,
They purchase repletions at each turtle treat ;
Love's feast boasts a flavour unknown to made
dishes—

Here's life's dainty, dress'd with the sweet sauce
of kisses.

Fair befall ev'ry lass, fair may fine ladies fall,
No colour I'll fix on, but drink to them all ;
The black, the brunette, and the golden-lock'd
dame—

The lock of all locks, and unlocking the fame.

More upright fore-knowledge that lock is com-
manding,

Than all other locks, aye, or Locke's under-
standing :

That lock has the casket of Cupid within it,
So—here's to the key, lads,—the critical minute.

Lads pour out libations from bottles and bowls,
The mother of All-Saints is drank by All-Souls.—
Here's the down bed of beauty which upraises
man,

And beneath the thatch'd-house the miraculous
can.

The dock-yard which furnishes Great Britain's
fleets,

The bookbinders wives manufact'ring in sheets,
The brown female-reaper, who dares undertake
her ?

And the wife of Will Wattle—the neat basket-
maker.

Here's Bathsheba's cockpit where David stood
centry ;

Eve's custom-house, where Adam made his first
entry ;

The pleasant plac'd water-fall 'midst Busby Park ;
The nick makes the tail stand, the farrier's wife's
mark.

That the hungry be fill'd with rich things let us
say ;

And well pleas'd the rich be sent empty away.—
The miller's wife's music;—the lass that's lamb-
like;

And fence of the farmer on top of love's dike.

But why from this round-about phrase must be
guess'd,

What in one single syllable's better express'd ;

That syllable then I my sentiment call,

So here's to that word, which is, one word for all.

Sing tantararara toast all.

S O N G L I X .

Tune,—*Ianthe lovely, the Joy of the Plain.*

ONE day, by appointment, Maria I met,
That day of delight, I remember it yet.
As the meadow we cross'd, to avoid the town's crowd,
The Sun seem'd eclips'd by a black spreading cloud.
Escaping the shower, to barn we fast fled,
There safe heard the pattering rain o'er head.

Some

Some moments I suffer'd my Fair to take breath,
Then, sighing, she cry'd, " Lord! I'm frighted to
death;

" Suppose, now, by any one I shou'd be seen?"

" Nay, nay, now,—nay, pray now—Dear—what
do you mean?" [for shame!

" Had I thought you wou'd be half so rude—fye!

" I wish I'd been wet to the skin ere I came.

" You will have a kiss then!—why, take one or
two! [you do!

" I beg you won't teaze me!—Lord! what wou'd

" You'll tear all one's things—I ne'er saw such a
man!

" I will hold your hands tho'—I—Aye, do if
you can.

" Is this your love for me?—is this all your care?

" I'll never come near you again,—now, I swear!

As she push'd me away, love explain'd by her eyes,
Resistance was only to heighten the prize;
Her face chang'd alternate, from scarlet to snow,
Her neck rose and fell fast, her language was low,
Such beauty! but more of that scene was not shewn,
For decency here bids her curtain drop down.

The storm being over, all sunshine the air,*
When instant rose up, the yet love-looking fair,
Crying hark! there's one listens—do look out, my
dear,

I must be bewitch'd, I am sure, to come here.

My things how they're rumpled? Lord! let me be-
gone,

What have you been doing? and what have I done?

Into this fatal place, I most solemnly vow,
I innocent enter'd—but am I so now?

I'm ruin'd,—I never myself can forgive—

I'll leap in the brook,—for I'm sure I can't live!—

If I do, my whole life will be wasted in grief,

Unless here to-morrow you'll give me relief,

S O N G

SONG LX.

Tune,—*A begging we will go.*

COME bustle, bustle, drink about,
 And let us merry be,
 Our can is full, we'll pump it out,
 And then all hands to sea.

And a sailing we will go.
 Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught,
 The minuet to tread,
 But we go better when we've brought
 The fore tack to cat head.

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse,
 And swiftly rides the race,
 But swifter far we shape our course
 When we are giving chase.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
 His pack the huntsman cheers,
 As loud we hollow when we send
 A broadside to Mounseers.

The what's-their-names, at uproars squal,
 With music fine and soft,
 But better sounds our boatswain's call,
 All hands, all hands aloft!

With gold and silver streamers fine
 The ladies rigging shew,
 But English ships more grander shine,
 When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
 With sweethearts, or our wives,
 And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
 Thus pass the sailors lives.

And a sailing we will go.

SONG LXI.

Tune,—*Two Gods of great Honour.*

ARIADNE one morning
 To Theseus was turning,
 When missing her man, to the beach down she flew;
 Her

Her cries unavailing,
 She saw far off, failing,
 His ship 'fore the wind less'ning swift to her view.
 She tore her fine hair,
 Beat her breast in despair,
 Spread her arms to the skies, and sunk down in a
 swoon,

When Bacchus, 'midst Æther,
 Begg'd leave of his father
 omfort the Lady, Jove granted the boon.

Then gently descending,
 Her sorrows befriending,
 His Thyrsis he struck 'gainst the beg-belly'd earth,
 When o'er the smooth gravel,
 In murmuring travel,
 A spring of champaign at her head bubbled forth;
 She, wak'd with the scent,
 Gave her sorrow fresh vent,
 Yet to drink was determin'd, exhausted by tears;
 She tastes the champaign,
 Licks her lips, tastes again,
 And feels herself suddenly freed from her fears.

As still she kept sipping,
 Her heart lightly leaping,
 She look'd upon Thes. as a pitiful elf;
 Wine turn'd her to singing,
 In hopes it would bring in
 A Lover,—'twas lonely to drink by herself.
 The God her adorer
 Confess'd, stood before her,
 She hail'd the celestial, she welcom'd the guest;
 Champaign stopp'd resistance,
 She kept not her distance,
 But jollily clasp'd the young buck to her breast.
 Each girl given over,
 Betray'd by her lover,
 To hartshorn, to salts, or salt-water may fly:

But

But we've an Elixir,
 Will properly fix her,
 If properly she'll the prescription apply ;
 The Recipe's wholsome,
 'Tis Beauty's best Balsam,
 For which we refuse tho' to pocket a fee.
 As gratis we give it,
 Girls, grateful receive it,
 So here's to the practice of love's *Beaume de Vie*.

S O N G LXII.

Tune,—*On a Time I was great, now little am
 grown.*

PUSH the bottle about, name the toast, and
 away,

With wine be our sentiments flowing ;
 We idly grow old while we drinking delay,
 Be merry, my bucks, and keep doing.
 Keep doing I say, fill it up to the brink,
 'Tis a trouble to talk, 'tis a trouble to think,
 'Tis a trouble—no,—no !—tis a pleasure to drink.
 Prithee ring, we must have t'other bottle.

Our classic is Bacchus, his volumes prefer,
 To all that's in old Aristotle ;
 But why, with quotations, shou'd we make a stir ?
 We'll stir about briskly the bottle.
 A fool once to find how the world cou'd go round,
 Leap'd into the deep where the puppy was drown'd,
 But deep had he drank, he the secret had found,
 Such wonders are work'd by a bottle.

The Sportsman arou'sd when the horn harks away,
 Shrill echo Tantivy repeating ;
 His warm wishing wife clings around him to stay,
 But shouts put to silence entreating.
 Yet what is his chace to the chace that we boast ?
 So, ho ! here's a bumper, hark, hark ! to the toast.
 Hit it off, and be quick, lest the scent shou'd be lost,
 And we're cast in the chace of a bottle.

D

Let

Let Heroes or Neroes run mad after fame,
 We're charg'd and rang'd ready for battle;
 Let Placemen perplex, and let Patriots declaim,
 Let both be indulg'd in their prattle;
 But preachers o'er liquor we always confute,
 Without 'tis the toast, at our meetings we're mute,
 For what, without wine, can be worth a dispute,
 Except 'tis a short-measure bottle.

Shou'd sickness with sadd'ning captivity join,
 The ancients I'll equal in thinking;
 But all my philosophy shou'd be my wine,
 Despair I defy when I'm drinking.
 Stood Death like a drawer to wait on me home,
 Or, bailiff-like, dare he rush into my room,
 I'd try for one moment to tip him a hum,
 While I bumper'd the last of my bottle.

S O N G LXIII.

Tune,—*The big-belly'd Bottle.*

OUR chorus to Bacchus, to Bacchus we'll raise,
 Long corks be my garland instead of the bays;
 With Burgundy's blessings my temples anoint,
 And toast the first toper who drank a half-pint.
 My song is to Bacchus, the God of the vine,
 The engineer artist to spring beauty's mine;
 Without him wit pines, and love languidly fades,
 Cold water has kept the Nine Muses old maids.

Quoth temperance, water's the med'cine of health,
 And water, quoth prudence, will win a man
 wealth;

Tho' odd it may seem, as the story's not long,
 Once water help'd Bacchus, and thus says the song.
 " It was when his harvest rejoic'd the parch'd
 earth,

" Beneath the first vine, love on wit begot mirth;
 " Yet

" Yet hate rais'd some rebels who broke from his
fway,

" And, drunk with his bounty, deny'd to obey.

" He harness'd his tygers, he marshall'd his force,

" Silenus was sutler, lord Pan let the horse;

" The Ganges they cross'd, came in front of the
foe,

" And struck them all dead, without striking a
blow.

" 'Twas Pan did the feat, cast them into a fright,

" He crept, like a fox, thro' their camp in the
night;

" All the wine he drew off while these ignorants
snor'd,

" And into the bottles foul ditch water pour'd."

Each rebel, next morn, rais'd the flask to his head,

But chill'd the first gulp, in an ague-fit fled;

Fled, trembling, from monarch to meanest me-
chanic,

From hence came the phrase to put men in a pannic.

SONG LXIV.

IF a kiss you would gain,
Am I bound to explain?

Ah! could you not guess by my eyes?

When they, without guile,

So twinkle and smile,

A glance is enough to the wife.

SONG LXV.

WITH such a brisk widow to whirl time away,
Ye Gods what a round of delight!

At home we would titter and romp all the day,

And fear not a bumper at night.

When warm in the chace, the fleet hounds in career,

Our spirits disdaining to flag,
We'd whip, scour, and fly, without scruple or fear,
And be in at the death of the stag.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

We'd be in at the death of the stag.

S O N G LXVI.

THE noblest heart, like purest gold,
Resists impressions whilst 'tis cold;
But melted down in Love's bright flame,
Soft and complying to the test,
It takes the image first impress'd,
And bears it in the faithful breast,
Through circling years the same.

S O N G LXVII.

BRIGHT the sky, and calm the ocean,
Now my bark will smoothly glide:
Oh! how pleasing is the motion,
Sailing thus with wind and tide!
Hidden rocks no more beguiling,
Swelling sails the breezes court;
Cupid at the helm sits smiling,
And conducts me safe to port.

S O N G LXVIII.

FAIR and sweet,
Trim and neat,
Springs the blushing Rose in May:
Summer past,
Autumn's blast
Shrinks its beauteous leaves away.

But the mind,
Chaste, refin'd,
Warm'd by Virtue's cheering ray,

Ever

Ever blows :
 That fresh rose,
 Time itself can ne'er decay.

S O N G L X I X .

HAIL to thy living light,
 Ambrosial morn! all hail thy roseat ray,
 That bids gay Nature all her charms display,
 In varied beauty bright!
 Away, you goblins all!
 Wont the traveller to daunt,
 Whose vagrant feet have trac'd your haunt,
 Beside some lonely wall!
 Away, ye elves away,
 Shrink at ambrosial morning's living ray.

S O N G L X X .

WHEN Love at first approach is seen,
 His dang'rous form he veils;
 A playful infant's harmless mien,
 The playful God conceals.
 When soon by us fond dupes carest,
 He acts his trait'rous part;
 And as we press him to the breast,
 He steals into the heart.

S O N G L X X I .

WHILE on Earth's soft lap descending,
 Lightly falls the feathered snow;
 Nature, awfully attending,
 Each rude wind forbids to blow.
 White and pure a while appearing,
 Earth her virgin mantle wears;
 Soon the fickle season veering,
 Her deluded bosom bares.
 Thus my foolish heart believing
 Listen'd to his artful tongue;
 All his vows of love receiving,
 On each flatt'ring accent hung.

Fondly, for a time, mistaken,
 Love and joy conceal'd my fate :
 Now alas ! at length forsaken,
 Sad Experience comes too late.

S O N G LXXII.

TO heal the smart a bee had made
 Upon my Chloe's face,
 Honey upon her cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the place.
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and smart ;
 Honey on my lips I found,
 The sting within my heart.

S O N G LXXIII.

AYouth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
 To warm and win the coldest heart,
 In secret mine possést,
 In secret mine possést :
 The morning bud that fairest blows,
 The vernal Oak that straightest grows,
 His face and shape exprest ;
 His face and shape exprest.
 In moving sounds he told his tale,
 Soft as the sighings of the gale,
 That wake the flow'ry year,
 That wake, &c.

What wonder he could charm with ease,
 Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
 Whom love had made sincere ?
 Whom love, &c.

At morn he left me—fought and fell ;
 The fatal ev'ning heard his knell,
 And saw the tears I shed,
 And saw the tears I shed :

Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
 For ah ! no sighs the past recall ;
 No cries awake the dead,
 No cries awake the dead.

S O N G LXXIV.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends, and
 ye neighbours,
 The lovers their bliss can no longer delay ;
 Forget all your sorrows, your cares, and your labours,
 And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day :
 Ye vot'ries all, attend to my call,
 Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy.
 Come, see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Let envy, let pride, let hate and ambition,
 Still crowd to, and beat at the breast of the great,
 To such wretched passions we give no admission,
 But leave them alone to the wise-ones of state :
 We boast of no wealth, but contentment and health,
 In mirth and in friendship our moments employ,
 Come, see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

With reason we taste of each heart-stirring pleasure,
 With reason we drink of the full flowing bowl,
 Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,
 For fatal excess will enslave the free soul.
 Then come at our bidding to this happy wedding,
 No care shall intrude here our bliss to annoy.
 Come, see rural felicity,
 Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

S O N G LXXV.

LET beauty with the sun arise
 To Shakespeare tribute pay,
 With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes,
 Give grace and lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name,
 What face shall dare to frown;
 Not envy's self can blast the fame,
 Which beauty deigns to crown.

S O N G LXXVI.

SISTERS of the tuneful strain!
 Attend your parent's jocund train,
 'Tis fancy calls you, follow me,
 To celebrate the Jubilee.

On Avon's banks, where Shakespeare's bust
 Points out, and guards his sleeping dust,
 The sons of scenic mirth decree
 To celebrate this Jubilee.

By Garrick led, the grateful band
 Hasten to their Poet's native land,
 With rites of sportive revelry
 To celebrate his Jubilee.

Come daughters, then, and with you bring
 The vocal reed, and sprightly liring,
 Wit, and joke, and rapartee,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

Come, daughters, come, and bring with you
 Th' aerial sprite and fairy crew,
 And the sister-graces three,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

Hang around the sculptur'd tomb
 The broider'd vest, the nodding plume,
 And the mask of comic glee,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

From Birnam Wood, and Bosworth's Field,
 Bring the standard, bring the shield,
 With drums, and martial symphony,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

In mornful numbers now relate
 Poor Desdemona's hapless fate,
 With frantic deeds of jealousy,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

Nor be Windsor's wives forgot,
 With their harmless, merry plot,
 The whit'ning mead, and haunted tree,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

Now in jocund strains recite
 The revels of the braggard Knight ;
 Fat Knight ! and ancient Pistol he !
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

But see, in crowds, the gay, the fair
 To the splendid scene repair,
 A scene as fine as fine can be,
 To celebrate our Jubilee.

Yet Colin bring, and Rosalind,
 Each Shepherd true, and Damsel kind,
 For well with ours their sports agree,
 To crown the festive Jubilee.

S O N G LXXVII.

YE Warwickshire Lads and ye Lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes ;
 Come revel away, rejoice, and be glad,
 For the Lad of all Lads is the Warwickshire Lad,
 Warwickshire Lad,
 All be glad,
 For the Lad, &c.
 Be proud of the charms of your country,
 Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty ;
 Where much she has given, and some to be spar'd,
 For the bard of all Bards was the Warwickshire
 Bard,
 Warwickshire Bard,
 Never pair'd,
 For the Bard, &c.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,
 Their swans are all geese to Avon's sweet Swan,
 For the Man of all Men was the Warwickshire

Man,
 Warwickshire Man,
 Avon's Swan,

For the Man, &c.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we take pride in ;
 Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,
 For the Will of all Wills was the Warwickshire

Will,
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,

For the Will of all Wills, &c.

There never was seen such a creature,
 Of all she was worth he robb'd Nature,
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 For the Thief of all Thieves was the Warwick-

shire Thief,
 Warwickshire Thief,
 He's the Chief,

For the Thief of all Thieves, &c.

SONG LXXVIII.

BEHOLD this fair goblet 'twas carv'd from the
 tree,

Which, oh! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted
 by thee;

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree ;

Bend to thee
 Bless'd Mulberry ;
 Matchless was he
 That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shalt be.

Ye

Ye trees of the Forest so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads
sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear:

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our King, and will always our
coast:

Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands that
fight,

But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bow'rs,
Pomona in fruit-trees, and Flora in flow'rs;

The Garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of
fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well letter'd
birch

Supplies Law and Physic, and Grace for the
Church;

But Law and the Gospel in Shakespeare we find,
He gives the best Physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;

From him and his merits this takes its degree:

Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,

The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the Genius of Shakespear outshines the bright
day,

More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;

So the tree which he planted, by making his own,

Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then

Then each take a relic of this hollow tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
 Let's fill to the Planter the cup to the brim,
 To honour your country, do honour to him.
 All shall yield, &c.

S O N G LXXIX.

FREE from sorrow, free from strife,
 O how blest the Miller's life!
 Cheerful working thro' the day,
 Still he laughs and sings away.
 Nought can vex him,
 Nought perplex him,
 Whilst there's grist to make him gay.

Let the Great enjoy the blessings
 By indulgent fortune sent,
 What can wealth, can grandeur offer
 More than plenty and content?

S O N G LXXX.

WAS I sure a life to lead,
 Wretched as the vilest slave,
 Ev'ry hardship would I brave,
 Rudest toil, severest need,
 Ere yield my hand so coolly
 To the man who never truly
 Could my heart in keeping have.

Wealth with others success will insure you,
 Where your wit and your person may please;
 Take to them your love, I conjure you,
 And in mercy set me at ease.

S O N G LXXXI.

WITH the man that I love, was I destin'd
 to dwell,
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell;
 Retreats the most barren, most desert, would be
 More pleasing than courts or a palace to me.

Let

Let the vain and the venal in wedlock aspire,
 To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
 I yield them the bliss where their wishes are plac'd;
 Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.

S O N G LXXXII.

WHY how now, Miss pert!
 Do you think to divert
 My anger by fawning and stroaking?
 Wou'd you make me a fool,
 Your play-thing, your tool!
 Was ever young minx so provoking!

Get out of my sight!
 'Twould be serving you right,
 To lay a sound dose of the lash on;
 Contradict your mamma!
 I've a mind, by the la—
 But I won't put myself in a passion.

S O N G LXXXIII.

WHEN you meet a tender creature,
 Neat in limb, and fair in feature,
 Full of kindness and good-nature;
 Prove as kind again to she.
 Happy mortal! to possess her,
 In your bosom warm and press her,
 Morning, noon, and night, caress her,
 And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's froward,
 Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
 Should you act the whining coward,
 'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit:
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her;
 Then agog when once you find her,
 Let her go, and never mind her;
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit,

S O N G

S O N G LXXXIV.

THEN hey for a frolicksome life;
 I'll ramble where pleasures are rife;
 Strike up with the free-hearted lasses,
 And never think more of a wife,
 Plague on it, men are but asses,
 To run after noise and strife.

Had we been together buckled,
 'Twould have prov'd a fine affair;
 Dogs would have bark'd at the cuckold,
 And boys pointing, cry'd—look there!

S O N G LXXXV.

OH! what a simpleton was I,
 To make my bed at such a rate!
 Now lay thee down, vain fool, and cry,
 Thy true love seeks another mate.

No tears, alack!
 Will call him back,
 No tender words his heart allure:
 I could bite,
 My tongue thro' spite—
 Some plague bewitch'd me, that's for sure.

S O N G LXXXVI.

LORD! Sir, you seem mighty uneasy,
 But I the refusal can bear;
 I warrant I shall not run crazy,
 Nor die in a fit of despair.

If so you suppose, you're mistaken;
 For, Sir, for to let you to know,
 I'm not such a maiden forsaken,
 But I have two strings to my bow.

S O N G LXXXVII.

TO speak my mind of womankind,
 In one word it is this,
 By nature they're design'd
 To say and do amiss,

Be they maids, be they wives,
 Alike they plague our lives;
 Wanton, headstrong, cunning, vain,
 Born to cheat and give men pain.

Their study day and night
 Is mischief their delight;
 And if we should prevent
 At one door the intent,
 They quickly turn about,
 And find another out.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

IF that's all you want, who the plague will be
 forry?

'Twere better by half to dig stones in a quarry;
 For my share, I'm weary of what is got by't:
 'Sflesh! here's such a racket, such scolding and
 coiling,

You're never content, but when folks are a toiling,
 And drudging like horses from morning till night.
 You think I'm afraid, but the diff'rence to shew you,
 First, yonder's your shovel, your sacks, too, I throw
 you;

Henceforward, take care of your matters who
 will:

'They're welcome to slave for your wages that
 need 'em,

Tol lol derol lol, I have purchas'd my freedom,
 And never hereafter shall work at the mill.

S O N G LXXXIX.

HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
 Fairy promiser of joy;
 Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
 Temp'rate sweet, that ne'er can cloy!

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
 Softest soother of the mind;
 Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
 Surest friend the wretched find!

Kind

Kind Deceiver, flatter still;
 Deal out pleasures unpossess'd:
 With thy dreams my fancy fill,
 And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G X C.

GENTLE Youth, ah! tell me why,
 Still you force me thus to fly?
 Cease, oh! cease to persevere,
 Speak not what I must not hear;
 To my heart its ease restore,
 Go, and never see me more.

S O N G X C I.

MY heart's my own, my will is free,
 And so shall be my voice;
 No mortal man shall wed with me,
 'Till first he's made my choice.
 Let Parents rule, cry Nature's laws,
 And Children still obey;
 And is there then no saving clause
 Against tyrannic sway?

S O N G X C I I.

WHENCE can you inherit
 So slavish a spirit,
 Confin'd thus, and chain'd to a log?
 Now fondled, now chid,
 Permitted, forbid;
 'Tis leading the life of a dog.
 For shame! you a Lover!
 More firmness discover;
 Take courage, nor here longer mope:
 Resist, and be free;
 Run riot, like me;
 And, to perfect the picture, elope!

S O N G X C I I I .

WHEN once Love's subtle poison gains
 A passage to the female breast,
 Rushing, like lightning, through the veins,
 Each wish, and ev'ry thought's posselt.

To heal the pangs our minds endure,
 Reason in vain its skill applies ;
 Nought can afford the heart a cure,
 But what is pleasing to the eyes.

S O N G X C I V .

STILL in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try.
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
 Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
 Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
 And confess myself her slave.

S O N G X C V .

OH ! had I been by Fate decreed
 Some humble cottage Swain,
 In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
 My flocks upon the plain ;

What blifs had I been born to taste,
 Which now I ne'er must know ?
 Ye envious Pow'rs ! why have ye plac'd
 My fair one's lot so low ?

S O N G X C V I .

THERE was a jolly Miller once
 Liv'd on the river Dee ;
 He work'd, he sung, from morn to night,
 No lark more blithe than he.

And

And this the burthen of his song
 For ever us'd to be,
 I care for nobody, no, not I,
 If nobody cares for me.

S O N G XCVII.

THINK, my fairest, how delay,
 Danger ev'ry moment brings :
 Time flies swift, and will away,
 Time that's ever on its wings.

Doubting and suspense at best,
 Lovers late repentance cost ;
 Let us, eager to be blest,
 Seize occasion ere 'tis lost.

S O N G XCVIII.

CUPID, God of soft persuasion,
 Take the helpless Lover's part :
 Seize, oh seize, some kind occasion
 To reward a faithful heart.

Justly those we tyrants call,
 Who the body would enthrall ;
 Tyrants of more cruel kind,
 Those who would enslave the mind.
 Cupid, God of, &c.

What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
 Childish mummery at best.
 Happy I in humble state ;
 Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
 Cupid, God of, &c.

S O N G XCIX.

HOW happy were my days till now !
 I ne'er did sorrow feel ;
 With joy I rose to milk my cow,
 Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
 Like any bird I sung,
 Till he pretended love, and I,
 Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.
 O the fool! the silly silly fool,
 That trusts what man may be!
 I wish I was a maid again,
 And in my own country.

S O N G C.

HOW blest the maid whose bosom,
 No headstrong passion knows!
 Her days in joy she passes,
 Her nights in sweet repose:
 Where'er her fancy leads her,
 No pain, no fear, invades her;
 But pleasure,
 Without measure,
 From ev'ry object flows.

S O N G C I.

CEASE, gay seducers, pride to take,
 In triumphs o'er the fair,
 Since clowns as well can act the rake,
 As those in higher sphere.
 Where then, to shun a shameful fate,
 Shall hapless beauty go?
 In ev'ry station, ev'ry state,
 Poor woman finds a foe.

S O N G C II.

WAS ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a vixen?
 Zawns! Madge, don't provoke me, but
 Mind what I say;
 You've chose a wrong parson for playing your
 tricks on.
 So pack up your alls and be trudging away:
 You'd

You'd better be quiet,
 And not breed a riot;
 'Sblood! must I stand'prating with you here all day
 I've got other matters to mind;
 Mayhap you may think me an afs;
 But to the contrary you'll find
 A fine piece of work, by the mafs!

S O N G CIII.

ONS! neighbour, ne'er blush at a trifle like
 this;
 What harm with a fair-one to toy and to kifs?
 The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
 Would do the same thing were they in the same
 place.

No age, no profession, no station is free;
 To sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee:
 That power, resistless, no strength can oppose:
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.

S O N G CIV.

THE world is a well-furnish'd table,
 Where guests are promiscuously set;
 We all fare as well as we're able,
 And scramble for what we can get.

My simile holds to a tittle;
 Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste;
 But if I'm content with a little,
 Enough is as good as a feast.

S O N G CV.

WHEN we see a lover languish,
 And his truth and honour prove;
 Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish
 And repay him love for love.

S O N G C V I.

THE traveller benighted,
 And led through weary ways,
 The lamp of day new lighted,
 With joy the dawn surveys:
 The rising prospect viewing,
 Each look is forward cast;
 He smiles his course pursuing,
 Nor thinks of what is past.

S O N G C V I I.

HOW can I my heart surrender,
 And not most unfaithful prove?
 Yet 'tis grateful to be tender,
 When from pity rises love.

But, can honour prove ungrateful,
 And the vows of love suppress?
 'Tis unmanly, if deceitful,
 When we're blest we cease to bless.

S O N G C V I I I.

WHEN Beauty, on the Lover's soul,
 Imprints its first and fairest charms,
 It soon does Reason's force controul,
 And every passion quite disarms.
 'Tis beauty triumphs o'er the brave,
 As ev'ry feature blooms divine;
 'Tis beauty makes the King a slave,
 When in an Angel's form like thine.

S O N G C I X.

AS flows the cool and purling rill,
 In silver mazes down the hill,
 It cheers the myrtle, and the vine,
 That in each other's foliage twine:

So

So streams from the maternal heart,
 What tender nature can impart;
 Thus happy, in my arms to fold,
 And to my heart Almena hold.

S O N G C X.

WITH doubts and fears, for her I love,
 My heart is still distress'd;
 Afflicted as the plaintive dove,
 When plunder'd of her nest,
 Whence sad and moaning, all the day,
 She pines in solitude away.

Fly, fly, oh! fly, ye minutes, fly,
 On Time's expanded wings,
 'Till my Almena stops the sigh,
 That for her safety springs;
 Guard her sweet innocence and charms,
 And safe conduct her to these arms.

S O N G C X I.

MY aunt, an old maiden of three score and
 ten

This lesson oft taught me with fervour,
 "Of all cruel monsters, to shun mortal men,
 And loath the base creatures for ever,"—
 ever!

And loath, &c.

A gentle young shepherd that lived in our vale,
 A thousand times sigh'd for my favour:
 I shudder'd with horror to hear the bold tale,
 And vow'd that I'd hate him for ever—for ever
 &c.

He press'd me still closer, of Hymen oft sang,
 Swore nothing on earth should us sever;
 Love beam'd from my eyes, tho' gall dropt from
 my tongue,
 I told him I'd loath him for —for ever, &c.

He read the fly tell-tales, and bolder still grew :
 (How vain is a maiden's endeavour!)
 M'aunt's precept forgotten—I made a rash vow,
 To love the dear creature for ever,—for ever!
 &c.

You rigid old prudes who my conduct decry,
 And flout at my naughty behav'our,
 Were ye but kiss'd and carressed as I,
 Pray would ye not love him for ever,—for ever!
 &c.

S O N G CXII.

IN the days of my youth I could bill like a dove,
 fa, la, &c.
 Like a sparrow at all times was ready for love,
 fa, la, &c.
 The life of all mortals in kissing should pass,
 Lip to lip while we're young—then the lip to the
 glass, fa, la, la, &c.

S O N G CXIII.

THE modes of the court so common are grown,
 That a true friend can hardly be met;
 Friendship for interest is but a loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get.

'Tis true you find
 Some friends so kind,
 Who will give you good council themselves to de-
 fend:
 In sorrowful ditty
 They promise, they pity,
 But shift you for money from friend to friend.

S O N G CXIV.

HOW happy could I be with either,
 Were t'other dear charmer away;
 But while they thus tease me together,
 To neither a word will I say;
 But tol, de rol, &c.

S O N G

SONG CXV.

THE foldior, tir'd of war's alarms,
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
 And scorns the spear and shield :
 But if the brazen trumpet found,
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
 And dares again the field.

SONG CXVI.

I AM young, and I am friendless,
 And poor alas! withal ;
 Sure my sorrows will be endless,
 In vain for help I call.
 Have some pity in your nature,
 To relieve a wretched creature,
 Though the gift be ne'er so small.
 May you possessing, every blessing,
 Still inherit, Sir, all your merit, Sir,
 And never know what it is to want ;
 Sweet heaven your worship all happiness grant.

SONG CXVII.

INDEED, forsooth, a pretty youth,
 To play the am'rous fool ;
 At such an age, methinks your rage
 Might be a little cool.

Fie, let me go, Sir.
 Kifs me ! No, no, Sir.

You pull me and shake me,
 For what do you take me,
 This figure to make me ?

I'd have you to know
 I'm not for your game, Sir ;
 Nor will I be tame, Sir.
 Lord, have you no shame, Sir,
 To tumble one so ?

SONG

S O N G CXVIII.

OH talk not to me of the wealth she possesses,
 My hopes and my views to herself I confine;
 The splendor of riches but slightly impresses
 A heart that is fraught with a passion like mine.
 By love, only love, shou'd our souls be cemented;
 No int'rest, no motive, but that wou'd I own;
 With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
 And wretched without her, tho' plac'd on a
 throne.

S O N G CXIX.

O What pleasures will abound
 When my wife is laid in ground!
 O what pleasures, &c.

Let earth cover her,
 We'll dance over her,
 When my wife's laid in ground.
 Let earth cover, &c.

Oh how happy should I be
 Would little Nyfa pig with me!
 Oh how happy, &c.

How I'd mumble her,
 Touze and tumble her,
 Would little Nyfa pig with me!
 How I'd mumble, &c.

S O N G CXX.

LET rakes and libertines resign'd,
 To sensual pleasures range:
 Here all the sex's charms I find,
 And ne'er can cool or change.

Let vain coquets and prudes conceal
 What most their hearts desire;
 With pride my passion I reveal,
 Oh! may it ne'er expire.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave,
 And fair creation sink in night,
 When I my dear deceive.

SONG CXXI.

LET gay ones and great
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run;
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not
 While I have my dog and my gun.
 For exercise air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blisses I find
 No stings leave behind,
 But health and diversion unite.

SONG CXXII.

BY some I am told
 That I'm wrinkled and old;
 But I will not believe what they say:
 I feel my blood mounting,
 Like streams in a fountain
 That merily sparkle and play.
 For love I have will,
 And ability still;
 Odsbobs I can scarcely refrain!
 My diamond, my pearl——
 Well, be a good girl,
 Until I come to you again.

SONG CXXIII.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
 To horse my brave boys and away;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What

What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox,
 O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him. Huzza!
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay;
 How sweet with a bottle and last to refresh,
 And loose the fatigues of the day.

With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours;
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G CXXIV.

WAS I a shepherd's maid to keep
 On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
 Well pleas'd, I'd watch the live-long day,
 My ewes at feed, my lambs at play.

Or would some bird that pity brings,
 But for a moment lend its wings,
 My parents then might rave and scold,
 My guardian strive my will to hold:
 Their words are harsh, their walls are high;
 But spite of all away I'd fly.

S O N G CXXV.

HE's as tight a lad to see to,
 As e'er stept in leather shoe:
 And, what's better, he'll love me too,
 And to him I'll prove true blue.
 Tho' my sister casts a hawk's eye
 I defy what she can do.
 He o'er looked the little doxy,
 I'm the girl he means to woo.

He's as tight, &c.

Hither I stole out to meet him,
 He'll no doubt my steps pursue,
 If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
 If he's false—I'll fit him too.
 If he's false, &c.
 He's as tight, &c.

S O N G CXXVI.

L OVELY nymph assuage my anguish;
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.

Did you know the lad who courts you
 He not long needs sue in vain;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
 Scarce will meet his like again.
 Did you know, &c.

S O N G CXXVII.

J UPI TER wenches and drinks,
 He rules the roast in the sky;
 Yet he's a fool if he thinks
 That he's as happy as I.

Juno rates him
 And grates him,
 And leads his highness a wearisome life
 I have my lass
 And my glass,
 And strole a bachelor's merry life.

Let him fluster
 And bluster,
 Yet cringe to his harridan's furbella;
 To my fair tulips
 I glew lips,
 And clink to the cannikin here below.
 Jupiter wenches, &c.
 S O N G

SONG CXXVIII.

OH me, oh me, what shall we do?
 The fault is all along with you;
 You brought him in, why did you so?
 'Twas not by my desire you know.

We have but too much cause to fear,
 My guardian, when he comes to hear
 We've had a man with us, will kill
 Me, you and all; indeed he will.
 No penitence will pard'n procure,
 He'll kill us every soul I'm sure.

SONG CXXIX.

THOU'ST run awa, thou'lt run awa,
 Thou'lt run awa from me, Mary,
 Nor friends nor I could make thee stay,
 You've cheated them and me, Mary;
 For to this day I never thought,
 That ought could alter thee, Mary,
 For thou art mistress of my heart,
 Think what thou wilt of me, Mary.

What e'er he said or might pretend,
 That stole that heart of thine, Mary;
 I doubt true love was not his end,
 Nor no such love as mine, Mary.
 I lov'd sincere nor flatter'd much,
 Had no unworthy views, Mary;
 Ambition, wealth nor naithing such,
 No, I lov'd only you, Mary.

Though you've been false, yet while I live,
 I'll still wish well to thee, Mary;
 May I forget and friends forgive,
 Thy wrongs to thee and me, Mary.
 And now adieu and rest assur'd,
 Since thou hast cheated me, Mary;
 For all thy sex I'll ne'er endure,
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary.

S O N G CXXX.

HEAR me, blooming Goddess, hear me!
 Queen of smiles and soft desire;
 Send the beauty to endear me,
 Who has lit this am'rous fire.

Oh! how sweet the mild dominion
 Of the charmer we approve!
 Honour clips the wanton pinion,
 And we're willing slaves to love.

S O N G CXXXI.

AH! think not to deceive me
 With flatt'ring oaths and lies:
 'Tis all in vain, believe me,
 For Love has piercing eyes.

A trifling present given,
 Oft binds affection fast,
 And grateful woman's driven
 To give herself at last.

S O N G CXXXII.

YE lasses who long
 Love to be rumbled and towzled about,
 Attend to the song
 Of a boy who will dash ye,
 Thro' thick and thin dash ye,
 If once he sets out.
 If there's one to be had,
 Bring with you a lad,
 Who will make the road short with a squeeze and
 a kiss;
 With a sup of good gin
 When we come to our inn,
 A fowl, bacon and greens too will not be amiss.
 In the morning we rise,
 I clap to my cattle and handle my thong
 Ere you open your eyes,

After

After new milk and brandy,
 O that is the dandy,
 I roll you along.
 Then take Paddy Carney,
 A trip to Killarney,
 To see the fine waterfalls, rocks and green trees,
 O Sullivan's fountain,
 The lake and duck mountain,
 Colman's eye too, Mefs Glena, and fights that
 will please.

I've handled the gold,
 So Dublin farewell for my company stays:
 The morning is cold
 It makes me to shiver,
 To comfort my liver,
 A dram in the chaise.
 My cattle have hay,
 My reck'ning I'll pay,
 My fare they are seated, we'll spank it away,
 Free from melancholy,
 We're frisky and jolly,
 We'll laugh and we'll sing all the rest of the day.

S O N G CXXXIII.

THERE lives a sweet lovely dear girl in this
 city,

With whom I could wish for to pass all my life ;
 She's ever good humour'd, she's witty and pretty ;
 That man must be happy that gets her for wife ;
 All his time wou'd pass away merrily,
 Coaxing, caressing and kissing with such a glee,
 In her dear arms to be blest both night and day,
 Pleasing her always with lango lee.

Whenever I meet with this lovely dear creature,
 I feel such emotions arise in my breast ;
 With rapture I gaze on each delicate feature,
 And find that my heart ne'er from beating will
 rest ;

'Till

'Till I tell her how I adore her,
 Imploring for pity I fall down before her;
 Compassion to take on her unhappy lover,
 And favour the suit of his lango lee.

S O N G CXXXIV.

HOW happy was I, my blithe Jockey to see,
 When down at the brook he first bent on his
 knee

To gi' me a drink, wi' sweet looks in his een,
 And hail'd me of a' he had met for his queen.
 Such beauties he said were my een and my hair
 As none on the green cou'd wi' me compare;
 His hand and his flock his true love beside
 Shou'd a' be mine ain gin I'd be his bride,
 Gin I'd be his bride.

Daft lad I replied, wi' thy flocks never part
 To the las that wou'd meanly dispose of her heart,
 For thine I but sought in return for mine ain
 O gi' me but that and thy flocks I disdain
 He sighing replied, I had had it lang syn
 And he had his wish in possessing of mine
 My hand I then gi' 'm without thought of his flock
 While even the brook murmur'd faithful Jock.

S O N G CXXXV.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green;
 And broom bloom'd fair to see:

When Mary was compleat fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eyes;
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move,
 To speak her mind thus free:

Gang down the burn, Davy love,
 Down the burn, Davy love,
 Down the burn, Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.

Down the burn, Davy love,
 Down the burn, Davy love,
 Gang down the burn, Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.

Now

Now Davy did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side,
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

Her Cheeks were rosie red and white,
 Her Een was bonny blue ;
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her ;
 No more asham'd to own her love,
 Or speak her mind thus free,
 Gang down the burn Davy love,
 And I will follow thee.

SONG CXXXVI.

YOUNG Colin having much to say,
 In secret to a maid,
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade ;
 Young Colin having much to say,
 In secret to a maid,
 Persuaded her to leave the hay,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade,
 And seek th' embow'ring shade ;
 And after roving with his mate,
 Where none cou'd hear or see.
 And after roving with his mate,
 Where none cou'd hear or see,
 Upon the velvet ground they sat,
 Under the green wood tree,
 And after roving with his mate,
 Where none cou'd hear or see,

Upon

Upon the velvet ground they sat,
 Under the greenwood tree.
 Under the greenwood tree,
 Under the greenwood tree,
 Upon the velvet ground they sat,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Your charms, says Colin, warm my breast,
 What must I for them give?
 Nor night nor day can I have rest,
 I can't without you live;
 My flocks, my herds, my all is thine,
 Cou'd you and I agree,
 Oh! say, you to my wish incline,
 Under the greenwood tree.

Too late you tempt my heart, fond swain,
 The wary lass replies,
 A lad, who must not sue in vain,
 Now for my favour tries;
 He bids me name the sacred day,
 In all things we agree;
 Then why shou'd you and I now stay,
 Under the greenwood tree.

All this but serv'd to fire his mind,
 He knew not what to do;
 Till to his suit she wou'd be kind,
 He wou'd not let her go;
 His love, his wealth, the youth display'd,
 No longer coy was she;
 At church she seal'd the vow she made,
 Under the greenwood tree.

S O N G CXXXVII.

AH whence the soft pangs which I feel in my
 breast,
 This love has beguil'd me of pleasure and rest,
 Ah! whence the soft pangs which I feel in my
 breast,
 This love has beguil'd me of pleasure and rest,

I sigh

I sigh all the day till Cymon I see,
And my heart plays a tune—*pitty, pitty, patty—
pitty patty.*

I sigh all the day till Cymon I see,
And my heart plays a tune that goes *pitty, pitty
patty.*

This nosegay he gave me so beauteous to sight,
Its sweets yield refreshment its colours delight,
I view and caress it with transports and glee,
While my heart plays a tune—*pitty, pitty patty.*

S O N G CXXXVIII.

HARK ! hark the joy inspiring horn,
Salutes the rosy rising morn,
And echoes thro' the dale,
And echoes thro' the dale,
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds quick scented scow'r the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede,
The brisk high mett'd starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue ;
Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a while for breath ;
When now the noise alarms her ear
Her haunts descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies ;
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
'Till echo rend the skies.

S O N G

S O N G CXXXIX.

TO the soft murm'ring stream I will sing of my
love,
How delighted am I when abroad I can rove,
To indulge a fond passion for Jockey my dear,
When he's absent I sigh but how blight when he's
near?

'Tis these rural amusements delight my sad heart,
Come away to my arms love and never depart,
To his pipe I could sing, for he's bonny and gay,
Did he know how I lov'd him no longer he'd stay.

Neither linnet or nightingale sing half so sweet,
And the soft melting strain did kind echo repeat,
It so ravish'd my heart and delighted my ear,
Swift as lightning I flew to the arms of my dear,
She, surprized and detected, some moments did
stand,

Like the rose was her cheek and the lilly her hand,
Which she plac'd on her breast, and said Jockey,
I fear,
I have been too imprudent, pray how came you
here?

For to visit my ewes and to see my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed and the groves I
did stray;

But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft have I sigh'd,
And have vow'd endless love if you would be my
bride;

To the altar of Hymen, my fair one repair,
Where knot of affection shall tie the fond pair,
To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we
will lead,
And will bless the dear grove by the banks of the
Tweed.

S O N G CXL.

BELIEVE my sighs, my tears, my dear,
 Believe the heart you have won;
 Believe my vows to you sincere,
 Or Peggy, I'm undone:
 You say I'm fickle apt to change,
 At ev'ry face that's new,
 Of all the girls I ever saw
 I ne'er lov'd one like you,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you,
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was once a flake of ice,
 'Till thaw'd by your bright eyes;
 Then warm'd and kindled in a trice,
 A flame that never dies:
 Then take and try me, and you'll find,
 A heart that's kind and true;
 Of all the girls I ever saw,
 I ne'er lov'd one like you.

S O N G CXLI.

Sung by Mrs. Barthelemon as her Farewell.

GRatitude, with smiling face,
 Teach my tongue my thanks to show,
 For all favours in this place,
 Which from you did ever flow.
 Here a strict desire to please,
 Still has met your kind regard,
 Your applause each doubt did ease,
 And has been my best reward.
 Never shall this heart forget,
 Tho' rough seas may roll between,
 The reception here I've met
 The indulgence I have seen,

F

Still

Still it shall while life remains-
 Gratefully remember you,
 Tho' I quit Hibernia's plain
 And now take a last adieu.

S O N G CXLII.

Tune.—*Wilkes and Liberty.*

TO please the bucks of this gay town,
 And give them something pretty,
 Long time I've rambled up and down,
 To furnish out my ditty;
 In every place
 I view'd each face,
 Some I saw fat, some bony;
 But he who now
 His *Taste* doth shew,
 Is call'd a *Macaroni*.

A thing in an odd shape I met,
 It seem'd a Monkey tripping;
 It reel'd and waddled thro' the street,
 Just like a Magpie skipping;
 With little hat,
 And forehead flat,
 And switch, to drive a poney;
 What's that said I?
 The folks did cry,
 'Tis call'd a *Macaroni*!

Upon *its* head a high toupee
 Stood foolishly erected;
A stranger sight I ne'er did see,
 Nor e'er to see expected.
 To it behind,
 Was closely join'd,
A huge prodigious club, Sir!
 As big as those
 By which his foes
 Stout Hercules did drub, Sir!

With

With breeches large, and wond'rous wide,
 Like to a Dutchman's trowsers,
 With simpering grin, and haughty stride,
 And lies, that, faith, were rousers.
 This thing did woo,
 And chatter too
 Like any simple tony,
 Say what you can
 'Tis not a man,—
 'Tis but a *Macaroni*.

And yet this thing *it* did pretend
 To be a human creature !
 But heaven ever me defend
 From being of *its* nature ;
 For sure no fop,
 Or weak milk-fop,
 Or Coxcomb with heart stoney ;
 Or stupid ass
 Can e'er surpass
 As fool—a *Macaroni*.

The ladies all as *it* pass'd by
 Turn'd up their eyes and noses,
 Is this the thing, they all did cry ?
 Who us to move supposes,
 A man we love
 And must approve.
 If rich, or void of money,
 But curst be she,
 Who e'er can be,
 Fond of a *Macaroni*.

S O N G CXLIII.

SPRING renews the smiling year,
 Fields and meadows now are gay ;
 Flow'rs of various hues appear,
 Birds now sing from ev'ry spray.
 In *Spring-time* ye lovers, be constant and kind ;
 For nothing but love can soften the mind.

Summer now advances on,

Sol now darts his fultry beams;

Let us each by love be won,

Love enlivens all our dreams.

In *Summer*, ye lovers, be constant and kind

For nothing but love can soften the mind,

Autumn next, with golden grain

And rich fruits of many sorts

Now adorns each tree and plain;

Now the time for pleasing sports.

In *Autumn*, ye lovers, be constant and kind;

For nothing but love can soften the mind.

Shiv'ring *Winter*, in his turn,

Does with frigid foot-steps move;

Yet with love the heart may burn;

Ev'ry season's fit for love.

Then lovers, the whole year be constant and kind;

For nothing but love can soften the mind.

S O N G CXLIV.

PALEMON in the hawthorn bower,

With fond impatience lay;

He counted ev'ry anxious hour

That stretch'd the tedious day.

The rosy dawn Pastora nam'd,

And vow'd that she'd be kind;

But ah! the setting sun proclaim'd

That womens vows are wind.

But ah! the setting sun proclaim'd

That womens vows are wind.

The fickle sex, the boy defy'd;

And swore in terms profane:

That beauty in her highest pride,

Might sue to him in vain.

When Delia from the neighb'ring glade,

Appear'd in all her charms,

Each angry vow Palemon made,

Was lost in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd,
 Before Pastora came :
 Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find
 In ev'ry heart's the same ;
 For young Alexis sigh'd, and prest—
 With such bewitching power,
 I quite forgot the wishing guest,
 That waited in the bower.

S O N G CXLV.

NOW May her charms discloses,
 And flow'rets deck the grove,
 I'll gather pinks and roses,
 To give to her I love,
 To give to her I love.
 For sure a nymph more blooming,
 My eyes have never seen,
 More lovely, less assuming,
 Than Jenny of the green.
 As thro' the fields a maying,
 I lately bent my way,
 I met the charmer straying,
 All bonny blithe and gay :
 I felt unusual pleasure,
 To view her shape and mien,
 For all my joy and treasure,
 Is Jenny of the green.
 For her I sigh and languish,
 But fear to own my love,
 For should she slight my anguish,
 What torture must I prove ?
 Yet ere gay summer's over,
 And winter's form is seen,
 I'll own myself the lover,
 Of Jenny of the green.

SONG CXLVI.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live long summer's day,
Till we were almost spoil'd,

At making of the hay.

Her kerchy was of holland clear,
Tied on her bonny brow.

I whisper'd something in her ear,
But what is that to you?

Her kerchy was of holland clear,
Tied on her bonny brow,

I whisper'd something in her ear,
But what is that to you?

But what is that to you?

But what is that to you?

I whisper'd something in her ear,
But what is that to you?

Her stockings were of kerfy green,
As tight as ony silk;

O, sick a leg was never seen!

Her skin was white as milk;

Her hair was black as aye could wish,
And sweet sweet was her mou' ;

O, Jeany daintily can kifs!

But what is that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
To make my Jeany fair;

There is nae Beneson like mine,
I have amais nae care;

But when another swain, my fair,
Shall say you're fair to view,

Let Jeany whisper in his ear,

" Pray; what is that to you?"

SONG CXLVII.

TO sigh and complain,
 Alike I disdain,
 Contented my wish to enjoy :
 I scorn to reflect
 On a Lady's neglect,
 Or batter my peace for a toy.
 In love, as in war,
 I laugh at a scar;
 And if my proud enemy yield,
 The joy that remains,
 Is to lead her in chains,
 And glean the rich spoils of the field.

SONG CXLVIII.

LET not rage thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
 Each ungentle thought suspending,
 Judge of mine by thy soft breast;
 Nor with rancour never ending,
 Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.
 Let not rage thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.
 Heav'n, that ev'ry joy has cross'd,
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;
 I, alas! at once have lost
 Father, brother, lover, friend!
 Let not rage, thy bosom firing,
 Pity's softer claim remove :
 Spare a heart that's just expiring,
 Forc'd by duty, rack'd by love.

S O N G CXLIX.

IF tyrant love, with cruel dart,
 Transfix the maiden's tender heart;
 Of easy faith, and fond belief,
 She hugs the dart, and aids the thief.
 Till left, her helpless fate to mourn,
 Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
 She finds, while grief her bosom flings,
 As well as darts, the god has wings.

S O N G CL.

FOR various purpose serves the fan,
 As thus--a decent blind,
 Between the sticks to peep at man,
 Nor yet betray your mind.
 Each action has a meaning plain,
 Resentment's in the snap;
 A frown expresses strong disdain,
 Consent, a gentle tap.
 All passions will the fan disclose,
 All modes of female art,
 And to advantage sweetly shews
 The hand, if not the heart.
 'Tis folly's sceptre, first design'd
 By love's capricious boy,
 Who knows how lightly all mankind
 Are govern'd by a toy.

S O N G CLI.

WHEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,
 From nymph to nymph I strove in vain
 My wild desires to rally:
 But now they're of themselves come home,
 And, strange! no longer seek to roam,
 They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one! damps my joy,
And cries, I court but to destroy;

Can love with ruin tally?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come, then, oh! come, thou sweeter far
Than jessamine and roses are,

Or lillies of the valley;

O follow love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,
And make me blest in Sally.

S O N G CLII.

LIFE's a garden, rich in treasure,
Bury'd like the seeds in earth:
There lie joy, contentment, pleasure;
But 'tis love must give them birth.

That warm sun its aid denying,
We no happiness can taste;
But in cold obstruction lying,
Life is all one barren waste.

S O N G CLIII.

ALL you who would wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done;
For, if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her, as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and vows, and all
that,

As far as you please you may run;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess is fine!
But, mark you the consequence, mun;
The Baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then he with a maiden bold, frolic, and stout,
 And no opportunity shun
 She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry
 out ;
 But mum—she's as sure as a gun.

S O N G CLIV.

HARK ! tis I, your own true lover,
 After walking three long miles ;
 One kind look at least discover,
 Come and speak a word to Giles.
 You alone my heart I fix on,
 Ah ! you little cunning vixen !
 I can see your roguish smiles.

Addlids ! my mind is so possess'd,
 'Till we're sped I shan't have rest ;
 Only say the thing's a bargain,
 Here an you like it,
 Ready to strike it,
 There's at once an end of arguing :
 I am her's, she is mine ;
 Thus we seal, and thus we sign.

S O N G CLV.

Tune—*In infancy our hopes and fears.*

THE tuneful lark on æther wings
 Each morn his lofty flight
 In rapt'rous notes he sweetly sings,
 And hails th' approaching light :!

But I from morn no comfort know,
 Nor rest from silent night ;
 All joys to me insipid grow,
 Afford me no delight.

SONG CLVI.

Tune—*Dear Chloë, come give me sweet kisses.*

WOULD you wish o'er a maid to prevail,
In sighs you your mind must impart;
You must tell her some pretty love tale,
And sing what you feel at your heart,

When, in pity, to love she's inclin'd,
And fondly believes all you say,
'Sure embrace her while she's in the mind:
There's danger in longer delay.

O how happy could I be with you,
United in wedlock's soft chain;
All the day we'd our pleasure pursue,
And revel it over the plain.

Would the fates only grant me but this,
All the cares of high life I'd defy;
And, while thus we enjoy'd the true bliss,
How happy my Dickey and I!

SONG CLVII.

LET Masonry, from Pole to Pole,
Her secret laws expand;
Far as the mighty waters roll,
To wash remotest land!
That virtue has not left mankind,
Her social maxims prove:
For stamp'd upon the Mason's mind
Are *Unity* and *Love*.

Ascending to her native sky,
Let Masonry increase;
A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
Integrity its base
Peace adds to olive boughs entwin
An emblematic Dove;
As stamp'd upon the Mason's mind
Are *Unity* and *Love*.

SONG

S O N G CLVIII.

YET awhile, sweet sleep, deceive me,
 Fold me in thy downy arms,
 Let not care awake to grieve me,
 Lull it with thy potent charms.

I, a turtle, doom'd to stay,
 Quitting young the parent's nest,
 Find each bird a bird of prey;
 Sorrow knows not where to rest.

S O N G CLIX.

HARK! what discord fills our ears,
 Now the trumpet's clangor sounds
 War, with horrid front appears,
 Faction, leaping o'er all bounds.
 But Nassau's all conqu'ring sword
 To these realms did peace afford;
 And the monarch of our choice
 Still both war and Faction's voice.

Princes of the Brunswic line,
 With true glory ever shine;
 And till latest time shall cease,
 Still adorn both war and peace.

The name of *George* will still propitious prove
 To all who're fill'd with loyalty and love,
 By great Nassau our liberties we gain'd,
 By *George* our liberties are still maintain'd.

Nor yet alone for royal virtues fam'd,
 For each *domestic* grace let *George* be nam'd;
 What greater worth can any prince commend,
 At once the monarch, husband, father, friend.

S O N G

S O N G CLX.

BRISK wine and women are
 The source or all our joys ;
 A brimmer softens ev'ry care,
 And beauty never cloy :
 Then let us drink and love,
 While yet our hearts are gay ;
 Women and wine, by all approv'd,
 Are blessings night and day.

S O N G CLXI.

WHEN first I saw the graceful maid,
 Ah ! me, what meant my throbbing
 breast ?
 Say, soft confusion, art thou love ?
 If love thou art, then farewell rest.
 With gentle smiles assuage the pain
 Those gentle smiles did first create ;
 And though you may not love again,
 In pity, ah ! forbear to hate.

S O N G CLXII.

IN April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
 The yellow hair'd laddie would oftentimes go,
 To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn
 trees grow ;
 There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his love's ev'ning & morn :
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That Sylvens and Faries unseen danc'd around.
 The shepherd thus said, " Tho' young Molly be
 fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air ;
 But Sufy is handsome, and sweetly can sing,
 Her breath like the breeze gives perfumes to the
 spring ;

There's

There's Jenny in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon is inconstant, & never speaks truth;
 But Sufy is faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
 And fair as the goddesses that sprung from the sea.

My lady's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
 Is awkwardly airy, and frequently sour;

But Sufy, who knows neither riches nor scorn,
 Is mild as the blushes that paint the new morn.

Ah! friends, how delighted, how blest should I
 be,

Would my Sufy but smile, and her parents agree:
 What more could I wish for? my Sufy's the whole,
 The joy of my eyes, and the pride of my soul."

S O N G CLXIII.

LAST week, in the grove,
 I met with my love,
 Who hastily bid me be gone;
 I ask'd for a kiss,
 She took it amiss,
 Her answer was, Let me alone.

Fye, fye, Phillis, fye,
 What makes you so shy,
 I answer'd, in passionate tone;
 But still she reply'd,
 " You must be deny'd,
 " So leave me, and let me alone,

" I know that you men,
 " Are false, nine in ten,
 " I never reflected till now;
 " No longer pursue,
 " But cease to subdue,
 " You shall not deceive me, I vow."

I told her, for life
 I'd make her my wife,
 And swear to be true, o'er and o'er;

That

That I'd virtue and youth,
 Love, honour, and truth,
 And what could she wish to have more ?

“ If that's your intent,
 “ I give my consent,”
 She cry'd “ To the Priest let's begone.”
 I led her away,
 She's happy and gay,
 Nor longer cries, Let me alone.

S O N G CLXIV.

THE gentle swan, with graceful pride,
 Her glossy plumage laves;
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring weaves:
 The silver tide that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be;
 But not so sweet, blithe Cupid knows,
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung;
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young;
 Though dear to her maternal heart,
 The genial brood must be,
 They're not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround,
 Were natives of the dale,
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their hue grew pale:
 My vital blood would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My Delia is to me,

Two doves I found like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair;
 The birds to Delia I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair:
 May they of our connubial love,
 A happy omen be;
 Then such fond bliss as turtles prove,
 Shall Delia share with me.

S O N G CLXV.

BY the gaily-circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told
 How the waning night grows old,
 How the waning night grows old:
 Soon, too soon, the busy day
 Drives us from our sport and play;
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care 'twas made for you:
 Sons of care 'twas made for you.

S O N G CLXVI.

LET the grave, and the gay,
 Enjoy life how they may,
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
 Go the world well or ill,
 'Tis the same with me still,
 If I have but my friend and my glass,
 The lover may sigh,
 The courtier may lye,
 And Cræsus his treasure amass;
 All the joys are but vain,
 That are blended with pain;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.
 New life wine inspires,
 And creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass,

Or his courage prepares
 To disdain the nymph's airs ;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain,
 The sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class ;
 Then enliven the clay,
 Let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine,
 Only life can refine :
 We care not whate'er comes to pass
 With courtiers, or great men,
 There's none of us statesmen :
 Come, here's to our friend and our glass.

S O N G CLXVII.

EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure pur-
 sues,

Some to Daly's run for play, some to Norris's for
 news ;

To Sparks's droll phiz others thunder applause,
 And triflers delight to hear play houses's noise :
 But such idle amusements I'll carefully shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finished his summer's career,
 And his maturing aid blest the husbandman's care ;
 When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harvest-home,
 And, their labours being o'er, are at leisure to roam ;
 From the noise of the town and its follies I run,
 And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my
 gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully stand,
 And none dares to stir, but the dog I command :
 When the covey he springs, and I bring down
 my bird,

I've a pleasure no pastime beside can afford:

No

No pastime or pleasure that's under the sun,
 Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.
 When the covey I've thinned, to the woods I
 repair,
 And I brush thro' the thickets devoid of all fear;
 There I exercise freely my levelling skill,
 And with pheasants and woodcocks my bag often
 fill;
 For death (where I find them) they seldom can
 shun,
 My dogs are so sure, and so fatal my gun.
 My spaniels ne'er babble, they're under com-
 mand;
 Some range at a distance, and some hunt at hand;
 When a woodcock they flush, or a pheasant they
 spring,
 With heart-cheering notes, how they make the
 woods ring;
 Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh run,
 My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.
 When at night we chat over the sport of the day,
 And spread o'er the table my conquer'd spoils lay;
 Then I think of my friends, and to each send a
 part;
 For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart:
 Thus the vices of town, and its follies I shun,
 And my pleasures confine to my dogs and my gun.

S O N G C L X V I I I .

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with
 gold,
 And the meadows, all spangled with dew-drops
 behold:
 How the lark's early maddin proclaims the new
 day,
 And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our de-
 lay!

With

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the
court ;

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence still gives it rest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee ;
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, they're flung out with
disgrace,

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name ;
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask is the blessings of health :
With hounds and with horns through the wood-
lands to roam,

And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can
vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
follow, follow, follow, &c.

S O N G CLXIX.

THE virgin, when soften'd by May,

Attends to the villager's vows,

The birds fondly bill on the spray,

And poplars embrace with their boughs :

On

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above;
 We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
 Hail May, as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows
 Fond zephyrs caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine!
 The pinks by the rivulet's side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward, and kiss the soft tide,
 For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array;
 If the larks and the linnets now sing,
 Their music is taught them by May:
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
 And murmuring seems to repeat,
 That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit ye soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay;
 Get your pipes, oh! ye shepherds, in tune,
 For music must welcome the May:
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find,
 That May is the mother of love.

S O N G CLXX.

He. **C**AST, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the sportive lambkins play;
 Nature daily decks the ground,
 All in honour of the May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

She. Damon, thou hast found me long
 List'ning to thy soothing tale;
 And thy soft, persuasive tongue
 Often held me in the dale:
 Take, oh! Damon, while I live,
 All which virtue ought to give.

He. Not the verdure of the grove,
 Not the garden's fairest flow'r;
 Nor the meads where lovers rove,
 Tempted by the vernal hour;
 Can delight thy Damon's eye,
 If Florella is not by.

She. Not the water's gentle fall,
 By the bank with poplars crown'd,
 Not the feather'd songsters all,
 Nor the flute's melodious sound,
 Can delight Florella's ear,
 If her Damon is not near.

Both. Let us love, and let us live
 Like the chearful season gay;
 Banish care and let us give
 Tribute to the fragrant May:
 Like the sparrow and the dove,
 Listen to the voice of love.

S O N G CLXXI.

ONCE the gods of the Greeks, at ambrosial
 feast,

Large bowls of rich nectar were quaffing;
 Merry Momus among them was sat as a guest,
 (Homer says the Celestials lov'd laughing:)
 On each in the synod the humourist droll'd,
 So none could his jokes disapprove;
 He sung, repartee'd, and some smart stories told,
 And at last thus began upon Jove:

"Sire! Atlas, who long has the universe bore,
 "Grows grievously tir'd of late;

"He

“ He say’s that mankind are much worfe than before,

“ So he begs to be eas’d of their weight.”

Jove, knowing the earth on poor Atlas was hurl’d,

From his shoulders commanded the ball,

Gave his daughter Attraction the charge of the world,

And she hung it up high in his hall.

Mifs, pleas’d with the present, review’d the globe round,

To see what each climate was worth;

Like a di’mond, the whole with an atmosphere bound,

And she variously planted the earth:

With silver, gold, jewels, she India endow’d,

France and Spain she taught vineyards to rear;

What suited each clime, on each clime she bestow’d,

And *Freedom* she found flourish’d here.

Four Cardinal Virtues she left in this Isle,

As guardians to cherish the root;

The blossoms of *Liberty* ’gan here to smile,

And Englishmen fed on the fruit:

Thus fed, and thus bred, from a bounty so rare,

O preserve it as free as ’twas giv’n!

We will, while we’ve breath; nay, we’ll grasp it in death,

Then return it untainted to Heav’n.

S O N G CLXXII.

IF love’s a sweet passion, how can it torment?

It bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?

Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,

Or grieve at my fate, since I know ’tis, in vain

Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,

That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate silence I make my love known,
 But, oh ! how I'm blest when so kind she does
 prove,

By some willing mistake to discover her love ;
 When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
 And our eyes tell each other what neither dare
 name !

How pleasing is beauty ! how sweet are the
 charms !

How delightful embraces ! how peaceful her arms !
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love ;
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above :
 And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must
 yield, [field.

For 'tis beauty that conquers and keeps the fair

S O N G C L X X I I I .

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
 The merits of wine with the charms of the
 fair ;

I appeal to the men to determine between
 A tun-belly'd Bacchus and Beauty's fair Queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
 For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in
 wine :

Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
 'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass
 smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
 And the more I behold her, the more I admire !
 But the charms of her temper and mind I adore !
 These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no
 more.

How happy our days when with love we engage !
 'Tis the transports of youth ; 'tis the comfort of
 age :

But

But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul!

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
From this fair confession 'tis plain, my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry?
From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must
spring;

Nay, the Stoicks must own it—she's the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;
For a time it will make one as great a lord:
But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,
And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.

S O N G CLXXIV.

WHAT Shepherd, or Nymph of the grove,
Can blame me for dropping a tear,

Or lamenting aloud, as I rove,
Since Phœbe no longer is here?

My flocks, if at random they stray,
(What wonder, if she's from the plains?)

Her hand they were wont to obey;
She rul'd both the sheep and the Swains.

Can I ever forget how we stray'd

To the foot of yon neighbouring hill,

To the bow'r we had built in the shade,

Or the river that runs by the mill?

There, sweet by my side as she lay,

And heard the fond stories I told,

How sweet was the truth from the spray,

Or the bleating of lambs from the fold!

How oft would I spy out a charm,

Which before had been hid from my view!

And, while arm was enfolded in arm,

My lips to her lips, how they grew!

How

How long the sweet contest would last !
 Till the hours of retirement and rest,
 What pleasures and pain each had past,
 Who longest had lov'd, and who best.

No changes of place, or of time,
 I felt when my fair one was near;
 Alike was each weather and clime,
 Each season that chequer'd the year:
 In winter's rude lap did we freeze,
 Did we melt on the bosom of May;
 Each morn brought contentment and ease,
 If we rose up to work or to play.

She was all my fond wishes could ask;
 She had all the kind gods could impart!
 She was Nature's most beautiful task!
 The despair, and the envy of art:
 There all that is worthy to prize,
 In all that was lovely was drest;
 For the Graces were thron'd in her eyes,
 And the Virtues all lodg'd in her breast.

S O N G C L X X V .

NEAR the side of a pond, at the foot of a hill,
 A free-hearted fellow attends on his mill;
 Fresh Health blooms her strong rosy hue o'er his
 face,

And Honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace:
 Beslour'd with his meal does he labour and sing,
 And regaling at night, he's as blest as a King;
 After heartily eating, he takes a full swill
 Of liquor home-brew'd, to success of the mill.

He makes no nice scruples of toll for his trade,
 For that's an excise to his industry paid:
 His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
 And he values not them of ten thousand a year:
 'Tis a freehold sufficient to give him a vote;
 Elections he scorns to except of a groat:

He hates your proud placemen, and, do what
they will, [mill,
They ne'er can seduce the staunch man of the
On Sunday he talks with the Barber and Priest;
And hopes that our Statesmen do all for the best;
That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free
trade,
Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid:
He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace;
Tho' old England, he knows, may have strength
and have skill,
To protect all her manors, and save his own mill.
With this honest hope he goes home to his work,
And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
Or with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay
His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee
That his country may ever be happy and free
With his hand and his heart to King George due
he fill,
May all loyal souls act the man of the mill!

Who wins her must have merit,
Such merit as her own;
The graces all pottieffing,
Yet knows not she has one.

Who wins her must have merit,
Such merit as her own;
The graces all pottieffing,
Yet knows not she has one.

Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
The gifts you most approve,
And Chloe, charming Chloe,
Will bless me with her love.

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can
meet; [round
How strange does it seem, that in searching a-
This source of content is so rear to be found ?
Oh, Friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweetner of
life,

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can
meet; [round
How strange does it seem, that in searching a-
This source of content is so rear to be found ?
Oh, Friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweetner of
life,

Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
On whom we may always with safety depend?
Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace:
When fortune is smiling what crouds will appear,
Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress:
No longer to court you they eagerly press.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kifs but on the cup,
And I'll not wish for wine.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but on the cup,
And I'll not wish for wine.

The thirst that from the soul does rise,
 Does ask a drink divine ;
 But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
 I would not change for thine.
 I sent thee late a roseat wreathe,
 Not so much hon'ring thee,
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not wither'd be .
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent it back to me ;
 Since which it blooms, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.



S O N G CLXXIX.

GO lovely rose, tell her that wastes her time
 and me,
 That now she knows, when I resemble her to thee
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.
 Tell her that's young, and shuns to have her grace
 spy'd, [abide
 That hadst thou sprung in desarts where no man
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.
 Small is the worth of Beauty from the light retir'd
 Bid her come forth, suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush so to be admir'd.
 Then die, that she the common fate of all things
 rare
 May read in thee, how small a part of time thou
 share,
 That are so wond'rous sweet and fair.

S O N G CLXXX.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will ;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm ;
 Whose frowns at once can kill :

Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part;
 And honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart !

Great is your pow'r but, greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage :
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take;
 For who's to Beauty blind ?
 But to what end a prisoner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind :

Attend the counsel often told,
 Too often told in vain ;
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the Lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Though Beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

SONG CLXXXI.

FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,
 And wild as colt untam'd,
 Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung.
 With little rage inflam'd ;
 inflam'd with rage and sad restraint,
 Which wise mamma ordain'd,
 And forely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd,
 And forely vex'd to play the Saint,
 While Wit and Beauty reign'd.
 Fast Lady Jenny frisk about,
 And visit with her cousins ?
 balls must she make all the rout,
 And bring home hearts by dozens !

What has she better, pray, than I,
 What hidden charms to boast,
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?
 While I am scarce a toast?
 That all mankind for her should die,
 While I am scarce a toast?

Dear, dear, mamma, for once let me,
 Unchain'd my fortune try;
 I'll have my Earl as well as she,
 Or know the reason why.
 Fond love prevail'd, mamma gave way,
 Kitty, at heart's desire,
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire,
 And set the world on fire.
 Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
 And set the world on fire.

S O N G CLXXXII.

WHAT means that tender sigh, my dear,
 Why silent drops that crystal tear?
 What jealous fears disturb thy breast,
 Where love and peace delight to rest?
 What tho' thy Jockey has been seen
 With Molly sporting on the green?
 'Twas but an artful trick to prove
 The matchless force of Jenny's love.
 'Tis true, a nosegay I had drest
 To grace the witty Daphne's breast,
 But 'twas at her desire, to try
 If Damon cast a jealous eye:
 These flow'rs will fade by morning dawn,
 Neglected, scatter'd o'er the lawn;
 But in thy fragrant bosom lies
 A sweet perfume that never dies.

SONG CLXXXIII.

AH! my friends, ye little know
The sorrows, that from wedlock flow;
Farewell, ye days and nights of ease,
Now I have got a wife to please;

So abide ye yet, so abide ye yet,
Ye little know what may betide ye yet,
The marriage noose may make ye fret,
And a wayward wife may tame ye yet.

When I was young and brisk as thee,
I fear'd not the bonnyest she;
Like you I vainly fancied then,
That all the world was made for men:

So abide ye yet, &c.

Hercules and Sampson too,
Were stronger men than you or you,
Yet they were forced by their dears,
To hold the distaff and the sheers.

So abide ye yet, &c.

Caps of steel and strong built walls
Are proofs against swords and cannon balls;
But yet there's naught by sea or land,
Against a wayward wife can stand.

So abide ye yet, &c. &c.

SONG CLXXXIV.

SWEET echo, sweetest nymph that liv'st un-
seen

Within thy airy cell,
By slow meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Can'st thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?

O! if you have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,

Tell

Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere;
 So may't thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

S O N G CLXXXV.

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
 steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year:
 'To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves?
 Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our
 men;
 We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady;
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
 We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;
 They never see us, but they wish us away:
 If they run why we follow, and run them ashore;
 For if they wont fight us, we cannot do more.
 Heart of oak, &c.
 They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes
 They'll frighten our women, and children, and
 beaux;
 But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
 Heart of oak, &c.
 We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
 them sweat,
 In spite of the Devil and Brussel's Gazette:
 Then chear up my lads, with one voice let us sing
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.
 Heart of oak, &c.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
 That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more;
 Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
 That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.
 The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
 your eye,
 Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh:
 But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
 And passion will die, as your beauties decay.
 Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guit-
 tar;
 Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar:
 How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
 Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!
 The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
 Grow tame by your kindness, and come at com-
 mand:
 Exert with your husbands the same happy skill;
 For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your
 will.
 Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
 Turn the chief of your care from your face to
 your mind;
 'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
 And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

S O N G CLXXXVII.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
 Where sad despair and famine always
 dwells,
 A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,
 As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took:
 Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-Loin,
 On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine:

Good

Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere;
 So may't thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heav'n's harmonies.

S O N G CLXXXV.

COME, chear up, my lads, 'tis to glory we
 steer,
 To add something new to this wonderful year:
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves;
 For who are so free as we sons of the waves?
 Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our
 men;

We always are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady;
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.
 We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to slay;
 They never see us, but they wish us away:
 If they run why we follow, and run them ashore;
 For if they wont fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes
 They'll frighten our women, and children, and
 beaux;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
 them sweat,

In spite of the Devil and Brussel's Gazette:
 Then chear up my lads, with one voice let us sing
 Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king,
 Heart of oak, &c.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

YE fair married dames, who so often deplore,
That a lover once blest'd is a lover no more;
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught,
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of
your eye,

Your roses and lilies, may make the men sigh:
But roses and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passion will die, as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guitar;
tar;

Tho' music in both, they are both apt to jar:
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command:

Exert with your husbands the same happy skill;
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good-humour'd, complying and kind;
Turn the chief of your care from your face to
your mind;

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.

S O N G CLXXXVII.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair and famine always
dwells,

A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took:
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-Loin,
On whom he often wish'd in vain to dine:

Good

Good father Dominick by chance came by,
 With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
 Who, when he first beheld the greasy load,
 His benediction on it he bestow'd;
 And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
 He lick'd his chaps, and thus the Knight address'd.

Air—A lovely Lass to a Friar came, &c.

Oh rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
 If I was doom'd to have thee,
 When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
 And swimming in thy gravy,
 Not all thy country's foes combin'd
 Should from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir-Loin, oft times decreed
 The theme of English ballad;
 On thee ev'n Kings have deign'd to feed,
 Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
 Then how much doth thy taste exceed
 Soup maigre, frogs, and fallad!

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
 Who such a sight before had never seen,
 Like Garrick's frightened Hamlet, gaping stood,
 And gaz'd with wonder on the British food,
 His morning's mess forsook the friendly bowl,
 And in small streams along the pavement stole.
 He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
 And then, in plaintive tone, declar'd his grief.

Air—Foote's Minuet.

Ah, sacre Dieu, vat do I see yonder,
 Dat look so tempting red and vite?
 Begar, it is de roast beef from Londre;
 Oh! grant me von letel bite.
 But to my guts if you give no heeding,
 And cruel Fate dis boon denies;
 In kind compassion unto my pleading,
 Return, and let me feast my eyes.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
 Whose brazen front his country did betray
 From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
 By honest means to gain his daily bread.
 Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
 In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd :

Air—Ellen a Roon.

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
 So taking thy sight is,
 My joy, that so light is,

To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.
 While here I remain, my life's not worth a far-
 thing,

While here I remain, my life's not worth a far-
 thing.

Ah, hard-hearted Louis

Why did I come to you ?

The gallows, more kind, would have fav'd me
 from starving.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney fate,
 Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
 But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
 His dear-lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside ;
 With lifted hand he bless'd his native place,
 Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his
 case :

Air—The Broom of Cowdenknows.

How hard, oh ! Sawney, is thy lot,

Who was so blithe of late,

To see such meat as can't be got,

When hunger is so great !

O the beef ! the bonny bonny beef,

When roasted nice and brown ;

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it would gang down !

Ah !

S O N G CLXXXVIII.

TO dear Amaryllis young Strephon had long
Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd for in
song;

He went, one May morning, to meet in the grove,
By her own dear appointment, this Goddess of
Love:

Mean time in his mind all her charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each—Can a lover do more?

He waited, and waited ; then, changing his strain,
'Twas fury, and rage, and despair, and disdain!
The sun was commanded to hide his dull light,
And the whole course of nature was alter'd down-
right:

'Twas his hapless fortune to die and adore,
But never to change—Can a lover do more?

Cleora it hap'd, was by accident there;
No rose-bud so tempting, no lilly so fair:
He press'd her white hand—next her lips he es-
say'd:

Nor would she deny him, so civil the maid:
Her kindly compliance his peace did restore,
And dear Amaryllis—was thought of no more.

S O N G CLXXXIX.

THE lark's shrill note awakes the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy Farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

S O N G CXC.

I Made love to Kate,
Long I sigh'd for she,
Till I heard of late,
She'd a mind for me:

H

I met

I met her on the green,
 In her best array ;
 So pretty she did seem,
 She stole my heart away.

Oh! then we kiss'd and press'd, were we much to
 blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

As I fonder grew,
 She began to prate,
 Quoth she—I'll marry you,
 And you shall marry Kate:
 But then I laugh'd and swore,
 I lov'd her more than so;
 Ty'd each to a rope's end
 Is tugging to and fro.

Again we kiss'd and press'd; were we much to
 blame?

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

Then she sigh'd, and said,
 She was wond'rous sick,
 Dicky Katy led,
 Katy she led Dick:
 Long we toy'd and play'd
 Under yonder oak,
 Katy lost the game,
 Tho' she play'd in joke!

For there we did, alas! what I dare not name:

Had you been in my place, you'd have done the
 same.

S O N G CXCI.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blithe Jocky to young Jenny came;
 But tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
 She careless turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd her fingers long and small:
 Unusual joy her heart did feel,
 But still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist,
 He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel:
 But yet she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise;
 He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes:
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal;
 Yet still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel,

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton thought she quickly guess'd;
 Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his bride:
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,
 And flung away her Spinning-wheel.

S O N G CXCII.

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
 To hear the wood's choristers warble and
 sing;

Young Phœbe he saw supinely was laid,
 And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid:
 And thus, &c.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
 Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
 Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
 To live to these years, and yet still be a maid?
 To live, &c.

Ye heroes triumphant by land and by sea,
 Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmindful of me;

Of prowess approv'd, of no dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid,
Will you, &c.

Ye counsellors sage, who, with eloquent tongue,
Can do what you please, with right and with
wrong ;

Can it be or by law, or by equity said,
That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid,
That a comely, &c.

Ye learn'd Physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill ;
To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid,
Who is sick, &c.

Ye sops, I invoke not to list' to my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong.
Ye echoes of echo, ye shadows of shade,
For if I had you, I might still be a maid.
For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisper'd relief, like a kind-hearted Swain,
And Phoebe, well pleas'd, is no longer afraid
Of being neglected, and dying a maid.
Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

S O N G CXCIH.

NO Nymph that trips the verdant plains,
With Sally can compare ;
She wins the hearts of all the swains,
And rivals all the fair :
The beams of Sol delight and clear,
While summer seasons roll ;
But Sally's smiles can all the year
Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the East the morning ray
Illumes the world below,

Her presence bids the God of day
 With emulation glow :
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 Birds sweeter notes prepare ;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail the sister fair.

The lark but strains his livid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice :
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora she'll perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I bud for Sally bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim
 From morn to eve their tale ;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame
 Make vocal every vale ;
 The stream meandring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys ;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lass or swain
 To mirthful wake resort,
 Nor ev'ry May-morn on the plain
 Advance in rural sport ;
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove,
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G CXCIV.

MY temples with clusters of grapes I'll en-
 twine,
 And barter all joys for a goblet of wine ;
 In search of a Venus no longer I'll run,
 But stop and forget her at Bacchus's tun.

Yet why this resolve to relinquish the fair?
 'Tis a folly with spirits like mine to despair;
 For what mighty charms can be found in a glass,
 If not fill'd to the health of some favourite lass?

'Tis woman whose charms ev'ry rapture impart,
 And lend a new spring to the pulse of the
 heart;

The miser himself (so supreme is her sway)
 Grows convert to love, and resigns her his key.

At the sound of her voice, Sorrow lifts up her
 head,

And poverty listens, well-pleas'd, from her sled;
 While Age, in an extasy, hobbling along,
 Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her
 song.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's hoard,
 The largest and deepest that stands on the board;
 I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
 'Tis the thirst of a lover, and pledge me who
 dare.

S O N G C X C V.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did
 cry,

He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
 In dust-cart high advanc'd, the nymph was plac'd;
 With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
 Tom, with uplifted hands, the occasion blest,
 And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address'd.

O Sylvia, while you drive your cart,
 To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
 You take up dust, and steal our hearts:
 That mine is gone, alas! is true,
 And dwells among the dust with you,
 And dwells among the dust with you:

Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain;
 Give me my heart, you stole, again;
 Give me my heart, out of your cart;
 Give me my heart, you stole, again.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
 Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about;
 She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floc,
 And look'd disdain on little folks below:
 To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
 And then resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop, John.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
 Be by a paltry croud oppress?
 Ambition now my soul does fire;
 The youths shall languish and admire,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart,
 And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
 Shall long to ride in my dust cart.

S O N G CXCVI.

ONE Midsummer morning, when Nature look'd
 gay, [piay;
 The birds full of song, and the flocks full of
 When earth seem'd to answer the smiles from
 above,
 And all things proclaim'd it the season of love;
 My mother cried, Nancy, come haste to the mill;
 If the corn be not ground, you may scold if you
 will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me, no
 doubt;

A woman, alas! would be nothing without:
 I went tow'rs the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I determin'd to say:
 But when I came near it, I found it stock still;
 B'efs my stars now! cry'd I, huff them rarely I
 will.

The Miller to market that instant was gone ;
 The work it was left to the care of his son :
 Now, though I can scold well as any one can,
 I thought 'twould be wrong to scold the young
 man :

I said, I'm surpriz'd you can use me so ill ;
 I must have my corn ground, I must, and I will.

Sweet maid, cry'd the youth, the fault is not mine;
 No corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine,
 There's no one more ready in pleasing the fair;
 The mill shall go merrily round, I declare.

But hark how the Birds sing, and see how they
 bill ;

I must have a kiss first, I must, and I will.

My corn being done, I tow'rs home bent my
 way ;

He whisper'd he'd somthing of moment to say ;
 Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
 And there swore he lov'd me, indeed, and indeed !
 And that he'd be constant, and true to me still ;
 And since that time I've lik'd him, and like him
 I will.

I often say, Mother, the miller I'll huff ;
 She laughs, and cries, Go, girl, ay, plague him
 enough ;

And scarce a day passes, but, by her desire,
 I get a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
 If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
 And I'll answer, O yes ! with a hearty good will.

S O N G CXC VII.

COME, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave ;
 But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Dost ask me how many I'd have ?
 I'm not to be stinted in pleasure ;
 Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, be kind ;

For, since I love thee beyond measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields;
Count the flocks that in Tempe are straying,
And the grain that rich Sicily yields;
Count how many stars are in heaven;
Go number the sands on the shore;
And when so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
A heart, which, dear Chloe, is thine;
In my arms let me ever infold thee,
And circle thee round, like a vine.
What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on your lips shall be spent:
The wretch that can number his kisses,
Will always with few be content.

S O N G CXCVIII.

NEAR a thick grove, whose deep embow'ring
shade
Seem'd most for love and contemplation made,
A crystal stream with gentle murmurs flows,
Whose flow'ry banks are form'd for soft repose:
Thither retir'd from Phœbus' sultry ray,
And lull'd in sleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
Cymon, a clown, who never dreamt of love,
By chance was stumping to the neighb'ring grove;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought:
But when he first beheld the sleeping maid,
He gap'd—he star'd—her lovely form survey'd:
And while with artless voice he sweetly sung,
Beauty and Nature thus inform'd his tongue.

The stream that glides in murmurs by,
Whose glassy bosom shews the sky,

Completes the rural scene,
 Completes the rural scene;
 But in thy bosom, charming maid,
 All heav'n itself is sure display'd,
 Too lovely Iphigene,
 Too lovely Iphigene.

She wakes, and starts—poor Cymon trembling
 stands;

Down falls the staff from his unnerved hands:
 Bright excellence, said he, dispel all fear;
 Where honour's present, sure no danger's near.
 Half-rai'd, with gentle accent, she replies,
 Oh, Cymon! if 'tis you, I need not rise;
 Thy honest heart no wrong can entertain:
 Pursue thy way, and let me sleep again.
 The clown, transported, was not silent long;
 But thus with extasy pursu'd his song:

Thy jetty locks, that careless break,
 In wanton ringlets down thy neck;
 Thy love-inspiring mien,
 Thy love-inspiring-mien;
 Thy swelling bosom, thin of snow,
 And taper shape, inchant me so,
 I die for Iphigene,
 I die for Iphigene.

Amaz'd, she listens, nor can trace from whence
 The former Clod is thus inspir'd with sense:
 She gazes—finds him comely, tall, and staid,
 And thinks he might improve his awkward gait;
 Bids him be secret, and next day attend,
 At the same hour, to meet his faithful friend.
 Thus mighty love could teach a clown to plead;
 And nature's language surest will succeed.

Love's a pure, a sacred fire,
 Kindling gentle, chaste desire;
 Love can rage itself controul,
 And elevate, and elevate the human soul:
 Depriv'd

Depriv'd of that our wretched state
 Had made our lives of too long date;
 Blest with beauty, and with love,
 But blest with beauty, and with love,
 We taste what angels do above,
 What angels do above.

S O N G CXCIX.

ASK if yon damask rose is sweet
 That scents the ambient air?
 Then ask each Shepherd that you meet,
 If dear Sufanna's fair?

Say, will the vulture quit his prey,
 And warble through the grove?
 Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy Shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let Heroes share,
 Let Pride in splendor shine;
 Ye Bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
 Be fair Sufanna mine.

S O N G CC.

WITH Women and Wine I defy ev'ry care,
 For life without these is a bubble of air;
 For life without these, &c.

Each helping the other, in pleasure I roll,
 And a new flow of spirits enlivens my soul;
 Each helping the other, &c.

Let grave sober mortals my maxims condemn,
 I never shall alter my conduct for them;
 I care not how much they my measures decline,
 Let 'em have their own humour, and I will have
 mine,

Wine, prudently us'd, will our senses improve,
 'Tis the spring-tide of life, and the fuel of love;
 And Venus ne'er look'd with a smile so divine,
 As when Mars bound his head with a branch from
 the vine, Then

Then come, my dear charmer, thou nymph half
divine, [Wine;

First pledge me with Kisses, next pledge me with

Then giving and taking, in mutual return,

'The torch of our Loves shall eternally burn.

But should'st thou my passion for Wine disap-
prove,

My bumper I'll quit to be blest with thy love;

For rather than forfeit the joys of my las,

My bottle I'll break, and demolish my glas.

S O N G C C I.

PUSH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the
heart,

While thus we sit round on the gras:

The Lover, who talks of his suff'rings and smart,

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs.

The Wretch, who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,

And wishes to add to the mas,

Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs,

Deserves, &c.

'The Beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd
hair,

An angel beholds in his glas,

And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs,

Deserves, &c.

'The Merchant from climate to climate will roam,

Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;

And oft, while he's wand'ring, my Lady at home

Claps the horns of an ox on the afs.

Claps the horns, &c.

The Lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,

With forehead well fronted with bras,

Tho'

Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
 There you, my good friend, are an afs.
 There you, &c.

The formal Physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class;
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill.
 But death proves the Doctor an afs.
 But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take our bottle and las;
 For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

S O N G C C I I.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest;
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care;
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:

Obey

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your
 care;
 Drink deep of the stream, &c.

S O N G CCIII.

LET me wander not unseen
 By edge-row elms on hillocks green;
 There the Ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land;
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his scythe;
 And ev'ry Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Or let the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound,
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade.

S O N G CCIV.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among your crew?
 William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
 The cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands,
 So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear,
 He drops at once into her nest.

The

The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan! Susan! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me wipe off that falling tear:

We only part to meet again.

Change as you list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell the sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we fail,

Thine eyes are seen in di'monds bright;

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale;

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Susan mourn;

Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosoms spread;

No longer must she stay on board;

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head:

Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;

Adieu! she cry'd, and wav'd her lily hand,

S O N G CCV.

FROM the man whom I love tho' my heart I
disguise,

I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau;
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon;
In courage a hind, in conceit a gascoon.
A peacock, &c.

As a vulture rapacious, in falshood a fox:
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks:
As a tiger ferocious, perverse as a hog;
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.
As a tiger, &c.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather:
Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw;
Yet if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

S O N G CCVI.

LET the tempest of war
Be heard from afar,
With trumpets' and cannons' alarms:
Let the brave, if they will,
By their valour or skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe, and retire,
Is what I desire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe possess;
For in them I obtain
True peace without pain,
And the lasting enjoyment of rest,

In some cottage or cell,
 Like a shepherd to dwell
 From all interruption at ease ;
 In a peaceable life,
 To be blest with a wife,
 Who will study her husband to please.

S O N G CCVII.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light:
 To courts be gone! heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May:
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse yon nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds dissent their throats,
 And hail the maid I love:
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green;
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning break,
 'Tis Kate of Aberbeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festive dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their tuneful lay,

Till

Till May in morning-robe draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin-queen:
 The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
 "Here's Kate of Aberdeen."

S O N G CCVIII.

WHILE others strip the new-fall'n snows,
 And steal its fragrance from the rose,
 To dress their fancy's Queen;
 Fain would I sing, but words are faint,
 All music's powers too weak to paint
 My Jenny of the Green.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
 How oft I've tun'd the fav'rite theme,
 And told my tale unseen!
 While, faithful in the lover's cause,
 The winds would murmur soft applause
 To Jenny of the Green.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
 When, deck'd in all the pride of May,
 She hail'd the sylvan scene;
 Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to please,
 First strove to catch the grace and ease
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Then, deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
 On me she cast her partial eye,
 Nor scorn'd my humble mien:
 The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
 That day adorn'd the lovely hair
 Of Jenny of the Green.

Through all the Fairy land of Love,
 I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove,
 The pride of gay fifteen;
 Tho' now she treads some distant plain,
 Tho' far apart, I'll meet again,
 My Jenny of the Green.

But

But thou, old Time, 'till that blest night
 That brings her back with speedy flight,
 Melt down the hours between;
 And when we meet, the loss repay,
 On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
 With Jenny of the Green.

S O N G CCIX.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to
 my glass;

But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own;
 And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare:
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair,
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own:
 But, tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could
 frown:

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime;
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time:
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been
 cloy'd,

And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd:
 But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy;
 For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
 The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love:
 But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no rival contends,
 For the more we love liquor, the more we are
 friends.

She

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life
 With nurfes, and babies, and fqualling, and ftrife:
 But my wine neither nurfes nor babies can bring:
 And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We fhorten our days when with love we enga
 It brings on difeafes, and hafpens old age:
 But wine from grim death can its votaries fave,
 And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
 grave.

Perhaps, like her fex, ever falfe to their word,
 She has left me to get an eftate, or a Lord:
 But my bumper (regarding nor title or pelf,)
 Will ftand by me, when I can't ftand by myfelf.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain;
 She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain:
 For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I fpy:
 Should you doubt what I fay, take a bumper and
 try.

S O N G CCX.

WHEN Britain firft at Heav'n's command,
 Arofe from out the azure main,
 Arofe, &c.

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian Angels fung this ftain:
 Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be flaves.

The nations, not fo bleft as thee,
 Muft, in their turns, to tyrants fall,
 Muft in, &c.

Whilst thou thalt flourifh, fhalt flourifh great and
 free,

The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 More dreadful, &c.

As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their, &c.

Will but arouse, arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe, and thy renown.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities, &c.

All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muses still with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair;

Bless'd isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties
 crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves,
 For Britons never will be slaves.

S O N G C C X I.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his
 sight;

He wants to be with me wherever I go;
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so,
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

His pleasure all day is to sit by my side,
 He pipes and he sings, tho' I frown and I chide;
 I bid

I bid him depart; but he, smiling, says, No;
The duce sure is in him for plaguing me so.
The duce, &c.

He often requests me his flame to relieve,
I ask him what favour he hopes to receive?
His answer's a sigh, while in blushes I glow,
What mortal beside him would plague a maid so
What mortal, &c.

This breast-knot he yesterday brought from the
Wake,
And softly entreated I'd wear for his sake;
Such trifles 'tis easy enough to bestow,
I sure deserve more for his plaguing me so,
I sure, &c.

He hands me each eve from the cot to the plain,
And meets me each morn to conduct me again;
But what's his intention I wish I could know,
For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him
so, [so.
For I'd rather be marry'd than plagu'd with him

S O N G CCXII.

THE morning fresh, the sun in east,
New gilds the smiling day;
The morning fresh, the sun in east,
New gilds the smiling day;
The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
The fields all round are gaily dress'd:
Arise, my love, and play, and play;
Arise, my love, and play.

Come forth, my fair, come forth, bright maid,
And bless thy Shepherd's sight;
Come forth, &c.
Lend ev'ry folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the rose's blushing shade,
And give them sweet delight,
And give, &c.

Thy

Thy presence makes all nature smile,
 Those smiles your charms improve;
 Thy presence, &c.

Thy strains the list'ning birds beguile,
 And, as invite, reward their toil,
 And tune their notes to love,
 And tune, &c,

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
 The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
 Beneath the fragrant hawthorn-tree,
 The flow'rs in wreaths I'll twine;
 Ere other eyes ye beauties see,
 Then on my brows adorn'd shall be,
 Thy happy fate be mine, be mine,
 Thy happy fate be mine.

S O N G CCXIII.

WHEN daisies py'd and vi'lets blue,
 And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight;
 The cuckow then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he:
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear,
 Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

When Shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are Ploughmens clocks;
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
 The cuckow then on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks marry'd men; for thus sings he;
 Cuckow! Cuckow! oh! word of fear,
 Unpleasing, &c.

S O N G

S O N G CCXIV.

YE chearful virgins, have ye seen
 My fair Myrtilla pass the green,
 To rose or jasmin bow'r?
 To rose or jasmin bow'r?
 Where does she seek the woodbine shade?
 For sure ye know the blooming maid,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r,
 Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden rose
 Join'd with the lily as it grows,
 Where each in sweetness vie,
 Where each in sweetness vie;
 Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
 When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
 Health sparkles in her eye,
 Health sparkles in her eye.

Her song is like the linnet's lay,
 That warbles chearful on the spray.
 To hail the vernal beam,
 To hail the vernal beam.
 Her heart is blither than her song;
 Her passions gently move along,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream,
 Like the smooth-gliding stream.

S O N G CCXV.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
 And all the Roman virtue dead,
 Poor Freedom lost her seat,
 Poor Freedom lost her seat;
 The Gothic mantle spread a night,
 That damp'd fair Virtue's fading light;
 The Muses lost their mate,
 The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander? what new shore
 Had yet a laurel left in shore?

To this blest isle they steer,
To this blest isle they steer.

Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,

Soon Virtue's sacred form appear'd,

And Freedom soon was here,

And Freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has lost his cell,

Religion rings her hallow'd bell,

She calls thee now by me,

She calls thee now by me.

Hark, hark, hark, her voice all plaintive sounds,

See, see, see, she receives a thousand wounds,

If shielded not by thee,

If shielded not by thee.

S O N G CCXVI.

C O M E Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,

Each lad with his lass hither come,

With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing.

To celebrate harvest home:

'Tis Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,

To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,

To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns in full store

Now swell with rich gifts of the land;

Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,

His cann and his lass in his hand;

For Ceres, &c.

No Courtier can be so happy as we,

In innocence, pastime, and mirth,

While thus we carouse with our sweet-heart or
spouse,

And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.

When Ceres bids play, and keep holiday,

To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,

To celebrate harvest home.

S O N G CCXVII.

WITH swords on their thighs the bold yeomen are seen,
 For their country they arm, their religion and queen.
 How glorious their ardour to lay down their lives
 In defence of their freedom, their children and wives!

Ye tyrants, ye know not what Liberty yields,
 How she guards all our shores, and protects all our fields.

As Hebe she's fair, and as Hercules strong,
 She's the queen of our mirth, and the joy of our song.

To Liberty raise up the high chearful strain,
 Fill the goblets around to the lords of the main.
 Eliza is queen, and her brave loyal band
 Shall drive each invader far out of the land.

S O N G CCXVIII.

MY fond shepherds of late were so blest,
 Their fair nymphs were so happy and gay
 That each night they went safely to rest,
 And they merrily sung thro' the day:
 But ah! what a scene must appear!
 Must the sweet rural pastimes be o'er?
 Shall the tabor no more strike the ear?
 Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Must the flocks from their pastures be led?
 Must the herds go wild straying abroad?
 Shall the looms be all stopt in each shed,
 And the ships be all moor'd in each road?
 Must the arts be all scatter'd abroad,
 And shall commerce grow sick of the tide?
 Must Religion expire on the ground,
 And shall virtue sink down by her side?

S O N G

S O N G C C X I X .

VIRGINS are like the fair flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolick around.

But when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring:
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, as yet sweet;
There fades and shrinks, and grows past all en-
during;
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

S O N G C C X X .

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
Wisdom at the bottom lies:
Fill 'em higher still, and higher,
Shallow draughts perplex the brain:
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
Enter jollity and joy ;
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ :
Since in life there's nothing certain,
We'll the present hour engage ;
And, when Death shall drop the curtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.

S O N G C C X X I .

O Sawney, why leav'st thou thy Nelly to
mourn?

Thy prefence cou'd ease me
When neathing can please me;

Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
Or throw the wood, Laddie, until thou return.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing,
 Yet nane of them pleases mine eye or mine ear,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, ye dinna appear,
 That I am forsaken, some spare not to tell;
 I'm fash'd w' their scorning,
 Baith ev'ning and morning,
 Their jeering goes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, I wonder myfself,
 Then stay, my dear Sawney, nea longer away,
 But quick as an arrow,
 Hasten here to thy Marrow,
 Wha's living in languor, till that happy day,
 When throw the wood, Laddie, we'll dance, sing,
 and play.

S O N G CCXXII.

HOW happy a state does a Miller possess,
 Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be
 less?
 On his mill and himself he depends for support,
 Which is better than servilely cringing at Court;
 Which is better than servilely cringing at Court,
 What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
 The more he's bepowder'd, the more like a Beau;
 A Clown in his dress may be honest far
 Than a Courtier who struts in his garter and star;
 Than a Courtier who struts in his garter and star,
 Tho' his hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be
 seen,
 The hands of his betters are not very clean;
 A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
 Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal:
 Gold in handling, &c.

What

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
 He cribs, without scruple, for other mens sacks:
 In this a right noble example he brags,
 Who borrow as freely from other mens bags;
 Who borrow, &c.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
 In this too he'd mimic the Tools of the State,
 Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
 And all his concern's to bring grist to his mill:
 And all, &c.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
 And down when he's weary contented does lie;
 Then rises up chearful to work and to sing:
 If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?
 If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

S O N G CCXXIII.

COME, come, my good Shepherds, our flocks
 we must shear;

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear:
 The happiest of folks are the guileless and free;
 And who are so guileless, so happy, as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught:
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught:
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our
 eyes,

For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led;
 But we all the children of Nature are bred:
 By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd,
 For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the
 breast.

The giant, Ambition, we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
 Content and sweet chearfulness open your door,
 They smile with the simple, and feed with the
 poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we
feel ;

So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

S O N G CCXXIV.

LOVE's a dream of mighty pleasure,
Which in fancy we possess,
In the folly lies the pleasure,
Wisdom only makes it less,
Wisdom only makes it less.

When with passion we are heated,
And a Goddess have in chace,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And an empty cloud embrace,
When with passion, &c.

S O N G CCXXV.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the Hunter rise :
The op'ning hound returns the sound,
And echo fills the skies.

See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
On yon blue mountain's brow ;
The neighing steed invokes our speed,
And Reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as story says,
The woods our fathers fought,
The rustic race adorn'd the chace,
And hunted as they fought.

Come let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the forest's charms.
Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
And rest in Chloe's arms.

S O N G CCXXVI.

T'OTHER day as I sat in the Sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along,
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue.

Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!

Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The Shepherd's so civil you've nothing to fear,
 Then pr'ythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet:
 One kiss he demanded—no more!
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score.

My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill:
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gollop round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore shade
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair:
 And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear Shepherd be there.

At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

S O N G CCXXVII.

YE virgins, attend,
 Believe me your friend,
 And with prudence adhere to my plan;
 Ne'er let it be said,
 There goes an old maid,
 But get married as fast as you can.
 As soon as you find
 Your hearts are inclin'd
 To beat quick at the sight of a man;

Then

Then choose out a youth
Of honour and truth,
And get married as fast as you can.

For age, like a cloud,
Your charms soon will shroud,
And this whimsical life's but a span ;
Then, Maids, make your hay,
While Sol darts his ray,
And get married as fast as you can.

The treacherous Rake
Will artfully take
Ev'ry method poor girls to trepan ;
But baffle their snare,
Make Virtue your care,
And get married as fast as you can.

And when Hymen's bands
Have join'd both your hands,
The bright flame still continue to fan ;
Ne'er harbour the stings
That Jealousy brings ;
But be constant, and blest while you can.

S O N G CCXXXVIII.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride ;
For riches, like fig-leaves, their nakedness
hide :

The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
In a bachelor's bed, without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their heads
In settling of jointures, or making of deeds ;
But Adam and Eve, when they first enter'd course,
E'en took one another, for better, for worse.

Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great ;
Let love be thy jointure ; ne'er mind an estate :
You can never be poor, who have all those charms ;
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

S O N G

S O N G CCXXIX.

WHEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,
 And dew drops glisten'd on the thorn;
 When skylarks tun'd their carrols sweet,
 To hail the God of light and heat;
 Philander, from his downy bed,
 To fair Lifetta's chamber sped,
 Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,
 I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,
 Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes,
 Which (that a kiss she might obtain)
 She artfully had clos'd again:
 He sunk, thus caught in Beauty's trap,
 Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap,
 And near forgot that his design,
 Was but to be her Valentine.

She, starting, cry'd—I am undone,
 Philander, charming youth, be gone!
 For this time, to your vows sincere,
 Make virtue, not your love appear:
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes
 (Forgive the simple fond disguise;)
 To gen'rous thoughts, your heart incline,
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead,
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,
 To join two virtuous hearts in one;
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove
 The sweet effects of mutual love;
 And, from that hour to life's decline,
 She blest'd the day of Valentine.

S O N G CCXXX.

WHerever I'm going, and all the day long,
Abroad or at home, or alone in a throng,
I find that my passion's so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
song.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora.
Balinamone Ora, a kifs of your sweet lips for me.

Since the first time I saw you I take no repose ;
I sleep all the day to forget half my woes :
So hot is the flame in my bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick I fear it will burn thro' my clothes.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will shave,
And grant the petition your lover does crave,
Who never was free till you made him your slave.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day, when I make you my bride,
With a swinging long sword, how I'll strut and
I'll stride!

In a coach and six horses with honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing Balinamone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
Your little white fist for me.

S O N G CCXXXI.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsey is my charming bride,
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul.
Who so fair as lovely Bet!
Who so blest'd as Colinet!
Who so fair, &c.

Now

Now adieu to maiden arts
 Angling for unguarded hearts ;
 Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
 Lisping wanton girls and boys,
 Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
 Boys as sweet as Colinet.

Tho' ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
 Now my plenteous barn adorn ;
 Tho' I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs
 With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs ;
 Riper, fairer, sweeter yet,
 Are the charms of lovely Bet.

Tho' on Sundays I was seen
 Dress'd like any May-day Queen ;
 Tho' fix sweet-hearts daily strove
 To deserve thy Betty's love,
 Them I quit without regret,
 All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
 Crown with sports the bridal day ;
 May each lad a mistress find,
 Like my Betsy, fair and kind,
 And each lass a husband get,
 Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
 Revel all without controul :
 May the Sun ne'er rise or set,
 But with joy to happy Bet,
 And her faithful Colinet.

S O N G CCXXXII.

A Band of Cupids t'other day
 Were in a myrtle grove,
 Till tir'd of ev'ry boyish play,
 They made a match to rove :

“ But

“ But where ? ” cry’d one (the cock of all,)

“ Let’s fix upon a place.

“ Hang Paphos and Olympus hall ;
I vote for Chloe’s face.”

No sooner said, than off they flew ;

And gath’ring round the fair,

As swarms of bees on flowers do,

They settled here and there ;

Some on her lips, her nose and chin ;

A score on either cheek,

While fifty to her eyes went in

To play at hide and seek.

But gravity itself must smile,

The wranglers to have heard,

For place disputing all the while,

Tho’ each his own preferr’d :

Till chancing from her lips to slide,

One fell on Chloe’s breast,

And creeping down, in triumph cry’d,

“ Who’s station’s now the best ? ”

S O N G CCXXXIII.

AS I went to the Wake that is held on the
Green,

I met with young Phœbe, as blithe as a Queen ;

A form so divine might an Anchoret move,

And I found (tho’ a Clown) I was smitten with
love :

So I ask’d for a kiss, but she, blushing, reply’d,

Indeed, gentle Shepherd, you must be deny’d.

Lovely Phœbe, I cry’d, don’t affect to be shy,

I vow I will kiss you—here’s nobody by ;

No matter for that, she reply’d ; ’tis the same,

For know, silly Shepherd, I value my fame :

So pray let me go, I shall surely be miss’d ;

Besides, I’m resolv’d that I will not be kiss’d.

Lord

Lord blefs me! I cry'd, I'm surpriz'd you refuse;
 A few harmlefs kifles but ferve to amufe:
 The month it is May, and the feafon for love,
 So come, my dear Girl, to the Wake let us rove:
 No, Damon, the cry'd, I muft firft be your wife,
 You then fhall be welcome to kifs me for life.

Well, come then, I cry'd, to the Church let us go,
 But after dear Phœbe muft never fay no.
 Do you prove but true (ſhe reply'd) you fhall find
 I'll ever be conſtant, good-humour'd and kind.
 So I kifs when I pleaſe, for ſhe ne'er ſays ſhe won't,
 And I kifs her ſo much, that I wonder ſhe don't.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

TOM RAMBLE, a rake of true catholic
 hope,
 Who rely'd on ſalvation by faith in the Pope;
 With ſome qualms of contrition one morning was
 taken,
 And his conſcience declar'd it was high time to
 reckon.

His ſteps to a convent our gallant addreſs'd,
 To pour his tranſgreſſions in Dominick's breaſt;
 He tore his lac'd ruffles, diſgrac'd his toupee,
 He broke his couteau, and he drop'd on his knee.

" O father, loſt peace to a ſinner reſtore,
 " Theſe pieces are many, my trefpaſſes more;"
 Thus ſaying, a purſe from his pocket he looſ'd,
 Which, ey'd by the father, this answer produc'd:

" Son, truſt our good mother, ſhe'll always
 confer
 " Indulgence to thoſe who're indulgent to her,
 " Let indigent wretches be ſcar'd for their ſouls,
 " The church has remiſſion while you have piſ-
 toles."

K

" A ſhep-

" A shepherdes, harmless and young, I betray'd,
 " I found her, ah! would I had left her a maid;
 " This bought the repentance, this bought the
 delight;
 " Take, take holy father, this fiend out of sight."

The fryar obey'd and took charge of the booty;
 Obedience, you know, was a branch of his duty;
 So was poverty too, but (*aurum accepit*)
 I hope you don't think his intent was to keep it.

But lest a bad tale by its length be made worse,
 The friar well weighing the cause, and the purse,
 " I find not, said he, any cause of alarm,
 " You instructed the ignorant,—where was the
 harm?"

" The charms of a widow my soul did surprise,
 " How gloomy her grief, but how bright were
 her eyes;
 " No second enjoyment she'd swore to allow,—
 " I kiss'd off her tears, and oh! cancell'd her
 vow."

" Mere charity, Sir, had obliged you to this,
 " To comfort the widow can ne'er be amiss."

" An Hugonot's consort fell next to my share;
 " In short, Sir, I ravished the obstinate fair;
 " Her husband intruded and fell in the strife;
 " I robb'd her of her honour, and him of his life."

" Pish! let not such trifles your mind incom-
 mode,
 " To take from the heretick's giving to G—d."

" To a beautiful nun I my love did reveal;
 " She open'd her breast, and I open'd her cell:
 " She open'd, O heavens!"

——" Damnation and hell
 " Mark, mark it in black, ye sacred recorders:
 " What, lie with a nun, and not be in orders!"

" No

" No prayers, no alms can atone for this evil ;
 " Down, down to damnation, down, down to the
 devil."

Tom took up his purse, and away crept the monk,
 One sneak'd to his gruel, and one to his punk.

S O N G CCXXXV.

WHEN Venus, queen of soft desires,
 Descended from above ;
 The Gods attend—while she inspires
 To sing the joys of love.

The joys of love, a pleasing theme,
 A theme for ever new ;
 Come forward, Vulcan, tell the same,
 That I once told to you.

Your orders, goddess, I obey,
 With pleasure and delight ;
 But how in words can I convey
 The raptures of that night.

As I lay wanton in your arms
 The happiest god was I,
 That ever felt your pow'rful charms,
 Or ever heav'd a sigh.

The emphatic squeeze, the grasp divine,
 The oft' intongued kiss,
 And every tender love-fraught sign
 Were preludes of my bliss.

At length the joyous minute came ;—
 To cease is all I ask,
 For, oh ! to tell the mighty flame,
 Is far too great a task.

The gen'rous goddess bow'd assent,
 Enough had been express'd ;
 They all knew what his godship meant,
 Love's joys half told are best.

SONG CCXXXVI.

Tune,——*Tristram Shandy.*

WHEN I was a midshipman in the Northum-
berland,

Where I did learn for to hand, reef and steer
My station was off Whitehaven in Cumberland,

There first I tasted the lips of my dear ;

When struck with each feature,

I cry'd my dear creature,

My heart is light-headed I'll make it appear.

Survey me you'll find me a-graa,

A well-body'd man in the face,

Dear Terry, said she, you're la la ;

Then gave me a loving embrace.

The blue ruby lips of my joy,

Are sweeter nor treacle nor sack ;

Sing for a lallara laloo,

Sullullua, subbubboo, whack.

To gain her affections as I was endeavouring

In the church-yard of a sun-shiny night,

Dear Juggy, says I, now leave off your palan-
ging :

For my tongue's rigg'd with truth and my
nessly right ;

Let me be prevailing,

Before we set sailing,

I'll bring my design in the dark to the light.

Oh ! then by the wooden tomb-stone,

My brightest of beauties I swore,

But you and ten more I alone

'Till after my death will adore.

The name 'pon my honey was Jenny O'Bra-
gan,

Who danc'd the best, corn-pipe in the
North,

A niece to the piper call'd fire away Plants

The fiercest fellow on this side the Firth

Sure the lord chancellor,
 Might wish to handsel her,
 For there's no first-rate of half so much worth,
 O Juggy, be constant I cry'd,
 Or else I will fly from your sight,
 But fait I did make her my bride,
 And ever since she's my delight.

We soon had a boy that's now nursing at Man-
 chester,

The picture of my great successor that's dead,
 I hope that in time he will prove my best ancestor,
 The bravest of babbies that e'er wore a head;

I'm captain O'Cutter,

No bouncer or strutten,

Each limb of my carcase is lighter than lead,

O Juggy come kiss me, said I,

And plague me no more with your art,

For if you do after I die,

You'll trip up the hells of my heart.

SONG CCXXXVII.

Tune—*Push about the brisk Bowl.*

COME let us begin, for the clock has struck
 ten,

Leave fooling and take off your glass—

That will not I'm sure (tho' he looks like a man)

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs, an afs,

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Then let us be jovial and drink, sing and laugh,

Let meagre despair sigh, alas!

All the bumper, and he that drinks up but the
 half

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Take your glasses in hand, a fig for each elve,

Give the toast of some favorite lass;

All pledge it, and he that does start before

twelve

Deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

Come, give us a song that is stock'd well with fun,
 Our time let it merrily pass:
 Be merry, I say, he that starts before one
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Here, free from our cares, let us pleasure pursue,
 Look on money as nothing but brass;
 Come, lads, drink about, he that starts before
 two

Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.

Who rules will prescribe for such spirits as we,
 Their scheming is all but a farce;
 Whilst liquor enough he that starts before three
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass

SONG CCXXXVIII.

Tune—*Old Sir Simon the King.*

MANKIND so deceitful are grown,
 They make one another their prey:
 From the cot to the slaves round the throne
 Like Judas, with kissing betray.

The lover who talks of his smart,
 To draw the dear girl to the bliss;
 Will swear only she has his heart,
 And binds the false vow with a kiss.

In law too it often is found,
 How many false oaths have been took;
 The evidence, tho' he's not found,
 Thro' interest kisses the book.

To Rome young and old brawny friars,
 For pardons and honours will go;
 His holiness grants their desires
 And they in return kiss his toe.

The courtier who fawns to be great.
 And lives on the fat of the land,
 Is a traitor, perhaps, to the state,
 When he kisses his sovereign's hand.

The toper, I'll make it appear,
 In honesty all doth surpass;
 As his liquor, his conscience is clear,
 With sincerity kisses his glass.

He envies not those who controul,
 Nor wants to be learn'd or rich;
 Let him have but a full flowing bowl,
 He'll bid all the rest kiss his b——.

S O N G CCXXXIX.

SEE! see! the full bowl,
 'Tis the world, 'tis the world, 'tis the world
 of my soul:

The punch is the ocean, and the sides are the coast,
 And the ship, ship, ship, and the ship the brown
 toast.

Then let's have one round,
 Till the bottom be found,
 And our ship run a-ground,

How mighty are we,
 That can drink up the sea?
 Let a new deluge flow,
 And we'll drink, drink, drink, and we'll drink it
 also.

S O N G CCXL.

FROM tyrant laws and custom free
 We follow sweet variety;
 By turns we drink, and dance, and sing,
 Love for ever on the wing.

Why should niggard rules controul
 Transports of the jovial soul?
 No dull stinting hour we own;
 Pleasure counts our time alone.

S O N G CCXLI.

OLD Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles,
I'll tell you, young gentleman, what the fates
will is,

You, my boy,

Must go,

The gods will have it so,

To the siege of Troy,

Thence never to return to Greece again,

But before those proud walls be slain.

Let not your courage be cast down,

But all the while you lie before the town,

Drink and drive care away, drink and be merry,

You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian ferry.

S O N G CCXLII.

ONCE in our lives

Let us drink to our wives,

Tho' their number be but small ;

Heaven take the best,

And the devil take the rest,

So we shall get rid of them all.

To this hearty wish

Let each man take his dith,

And drink, drink till he fall.

S O N G CCXLIII.

BANISH sorrow, let's drink and be merry, boys,

Time flies swift, to-morrow brings care ;

If you believe it,

Drinking deceives it,

Wine will relieve it,

And drown despair.

The sweets of wine are found in possessing,

It's juice divine, mankind's chiefest blessing ;

The glass is thine, drink, there's no excess in

A bumper or two with a chearful friend.

'Tis

'Tis wine gives strength when nature's exhausted,
Heals the sick man, and frees the slave;
Makes the stiff stumble
And the proud humble,
Exalts the niggard,
Makes cowards brave. For the sweets, &c.

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous lover;
Be brisk with your mistress, denials despise;
She'll cry you'll undo her,
But be a brisk woer,
Attack her, pursue her,
You'll gain the prize. For the sweets, &c.

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly sorrow,
Then who'd omit the pleasing task?
Since wine's sweet society
Eases anxiety,
Damn dull sobriety;
Bring t'other flask! 'The sweets, &c.

S O N G CCXLIV.

HE that will not merry, merry be,
With a generous bowl and toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post:
Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry, merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year.

He that will not merry, merry be
And take his glass in course,
May he be oblig'd to drink small beer,
With ne'er a penny in's purse:
Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife
To confound him with her noise.
Let him be merry, merry there, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,
 With his mistress in his bed;
 Let him be bury'd in the church-yard,
 And me put in his stead.

Let him be merry, merry here, &c.

S O N G CCXLV.

FILL, fill, fill the glafs,
 Briskly put it round;
 Joyful news at last,
 Let the trumpets found.

Join with lofty strains,
 Lovely nymphs, jolly swains,
 Peace and plenty shall again
 With wealth be crown'd.

Come, come, come, sweet peace,
 Thou most welcome guest;
 Let all discord cease,
 Harmony abound.

S O N G CCXLVI.

WHEN first I saw my fair in bed,
 Her cheeks with crimson blushes spread,
 The blushes of a maid;
 How throb'd with joy my am'rous breast,
 While Delia in my arms I prest,
 Half yielding, half afraid.

At length, my fair, at length I cry,
 No longer cruelly deny,
 The mighty joy we'll prove;
 In search of unexperienc'd bliss,
 Increas'd by every burning kiss,
 I now attend my love.

Then pressing still with eager haste,
 The lovely Zestus of her waist,
 Was once for all unbound;

Transported

Transported with the mighty joy,
 Alas; she cries, my glorious boy,
 What bliss in love is found?

Thus lock'd within each other's arms,
 I rifled all my Delia's charms,
 My Delia rifled mine;
 Around the still supporting tree,
 Thus fastened with eternal glee,
 Inclines the am'rous vine.

S O N G CCXLVII.

HAIL England, Old England, for glory re-
 nown'd,

In arms as in arts so transcendently crown'd;
 'Tis thine strict to honour, no treaties to break,
 'Tis thine to revenge when that honour's at stake;
 Then rise, O ye brave, draw the sword, point the
 lance,

And bid the bold cannon roll thunder to France.

Huzza, huzza, huzza; O ye Britons, to con-
 quest pursue,

The trumpet of vict'ry's uplifted for you.

Hark, truth speaks, already our heroes prevail,
 The rous'd English lion makes Gallia turn pale:
 Thy cunning, O France, its own fate will decree,
 Lo! success dawns on us by land and by sea;
 And wide o'er the main shall the British flag fly,
 To force that submission which pride would deny.

Britannia rejoices our ardour to see,

My ons, fight, she cries, 'tis for freedom and me;
 Let Gallic ambition alliance explore,

You'll conquer them now who you've conquer'd
 before;

And triumph, these truths, to all nations shall sing,
 The Ocean is George's, and George is our king.

S O N G

S O N G CCXLVIII.

HERE's an old song made by a good antique
pate,
Of a worthy old gentleman who had a good estate ;
And kept a very plentiful house at a very plentiful
rate,

With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his
gate.

Moderation, moderation, O wonderful moderation !

With an old lady, whose anger a good word as-
suages,

Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, foot-
men or pages ;

But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,
And kept 20 or 30 old men in blue coats and bad-
ges. Moderation, &c.

With an old library fill'd full of learned old books,
And a reverend old chaplain you may know him
by his looks ;

And an old buttery-hatch worn off the old hooks,
And a good old kitchen that maintain'd half a do-
zen old cooks. Moderation, &c.

With an old hall, hung round with guns, pikes and
bows,

And old swords and bucklers, which had borne
many hard blows ;

And an old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk
hose,

And a cup of good old sherry to comfort his cop-
per nose. Moderation, &c.

With a good old custom when Christmas is come,
To call in the neighbours with bagpipe and drum ;
And have good cheer enough in every old room,
And liquor strong enough to make a cat speak, and
a wise man dumb. Moderation, &c.

With

With an old huntsman, a faulconer, and a pack
of hounds,

With which he ne'er hunted but on his own
grounds ;

For he like a wise man, always kept himself with-
in bounds,

And when he dy'd left each child a good old thou-
sand pounds. Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his houses and land he as-
sign'd,

Charging him in his will to be of the same bounti-
ful mind ;

But in the end you shall hear how he was in-
clin'd,

And left his good old father's precept's all behind.
Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration!

Like a young gallant who had just taken possесси-
on of his land ;

He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond,
Kept a brace or two of creatures at his own com-
mand ;

And drinking at taverns 'till he could neither sit or
stand. Alteration, &c.

With a new lady who was both fresh and fair,
And never knew what belong'd to housekeeping or
care :

Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play with the
wanton air,

And half a dozen dresses of other women's hair.
Alteration, &c.

With a new library stuff'd full of pamphlets and
plays,

And a new fashion'd sort of a chaplain who swears
faster than he prays ;

Also

Also a new buttery-hatch that opens but once in
 five or six days,
 And a large kitchen stored with nothing but kick-
 shaws and toys. Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built just where the old one stood,
 In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal
 or wood,
 It was hung round with pictures which did the poor
 little good,
 The subjects whereof were all profane and lewd.
 Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion when Christmas is come,
 In a post chaise for London we must be gone;
 And leave no body at home but our new porter,
 John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
 with a stone. Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his person to adorn,
 In order to attend my lord's levy in th' morn;
 In horse-racing, gaming, masquerades and plays,
 The young gallant consumes health, wealth, and
 days. Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
 For which many of his father's good old manors
 were sold;

Which is the reason that most men do hold,
 That open house-keeping is now a-days grown so
 very cold.

Alteration, alteration, O! wonderful alteration.

S O N G CCXLIX.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
 List ye landsmen all to me:
 Messmates hear a brother sailor,
 Sing the dangers of the sea.

From

From bounding billows first in motion ;
 When the distant whirlwinds rise :
 To the tempest troubled ocean,
 Where the seas contend with skies,

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling—
 By top-sail-sheets, and haulyards stand—
 Down top-gallants, quick be hawling—
 Down your stay-fails, hand boys, hand.
 Now it freshens, set the braces—
 Now the top-sail sheets let go ;
 Luff, boys luff, don't make wry faces,
 Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now all you, on down-beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd in beauty's arms ;

Fresh enjoyments, wanton, courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms.

Round us roars the tempest louder,
 Think what fears our minds enthrall ;

Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the bo'sen calls.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys—
 See all clear to reef each course—

Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse.

Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get—
 Reef the mizen—see all clear—

Hand up, each preventer-brace, set—
 Man the fore-yard, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
 Peals, on peals contending clash.

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.

One wide water all around us,
 All above us one black sky ;

Diff'rent deaths, at once surround us—
 Hark !—what means that dreadful cry ?

The

The fore-mast's gone ! cries every tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve foot 'bove deck :

A leak beneath the chest-tree's sprung out—
Call all hands to clear the wreck,

Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces—

Come, my hearts, be stout and bold !

Plumb the well—the leak encreases—
Four foot water in the hold !

While o'er the ship, wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn :

Alas ! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas ! from hence there's no return.

Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below ;

Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
For only that can save us now.

O'er the lee beam is the land, boys.
Let the guns o'er board be thrown—

To the pump come ev'ry hand, boys—
See our mizen mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it can't pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;

Up and rigg a jury fore-mast—
She rights, she rights, boys, wear off shore.

Now once more on joys we're thinking—
Since kind fortune fav'd our lives :

Come, the can, boys, let's be drinking,
To our sweet-hearts and our wives.

Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to th' lips a brimmer join :

Where's the tempest now, who feels it ?
None, our danger's drown'd in wine.

S O N G CCL.

THERE was a fair maiden, her name it was
Gillian,

Her manners were sage, tho' her carriage was
free,

You scarcely would meet such a girl in a million,
Her charms were the pride of the north country,

All she said came so wittily,

She danc'd with such grace and she chaunted so
prettily,

Normadames of France, nor signora's of Ita-
ly.

Could cope with this lass of the north country.

Rich lords and fine gentlemen crouded to woo her,

Each begging her most humble servant to be,

Some shew'd coach and horses, some profferd gold
to her,

Some cloaths and fine jewels most gorgeous to
see,

But in vain all their brav'ry,

She said flat and plain she saw thro' their knav'-
ry,

And rather would pass her whole life time in
slav'ry,

Than bring such disgrace on the north country.

But going one day to the wood with young Roger,

To gather sweet posies for he and for she,

Sly Cupid observ'd them, a comical codger,

And hid himself snug in a sycamore tree,

Out he drew from his quiver,

A shaft that a heart made of marble would
shiver,

He shot, here was none a poor maid to deliver,

And down fell the lass of the north country.

S O N G CCLI.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me,
 Send to me the swain I love,
 Cupid with thy bow direct me.
 Help me, all ye powers above.

Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes;
 Tell him I love and I despair,
 Tell him for him I live, say 'tis for him I grieve,
 Oh! may my shepherd prove sincere.

Thro' the shady grove I'll wander,
 Silent as the birds of night,
 Near the banks of that meander,
 Where 'twas first he blest my sight.

Witness, ye groves and falls of water,
 Echo repeat the vows he swore.
 Has he neglected me, has he forsaken me,
 O must I never see him more?

Does he love but to torment me,
 And admire another fair?
 If it be so I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.

Some lonely cave shall be my dwelling,
 And ne'er more the cares of life pursue,
 The lark and philomel only shall hear me tell,
 What makes me bid the world adieu.

S O N G CCLII.

By Mr. Lewis, Corrector of the Press.

LET the learn'd and unlearn'd still plan their
 fond schemes,
 And pursue the same end by quite different means;
 We Weavers can never know sorrow or gloom,
 While commerce is brisk, and we work in our
 loom.

The

The coxcomb thinks happiness center'd in self,
 The statesman in power, the miser in pelf,
 The heir, when he sees his old fire in the tomb,
 But the bliss of us Weavers is fix'd in our loom.

To exercise us'd, and to temp'rance inclin'd,
 We enjoy health of body, and sweet peace of mind,
 And while the pale rake in disease meets his doom,
 Content throws her crimson on us at the loom.

The sword and the scales of strict justice we bear.
 And, like good Free-masons, still act on the square;
 In our souls no mean passions shall ever find room,
 For honour and honesty wait on the loom.

Though wickedness reigns in camp, council and
 hall,
 'Tis foolish, I'm sure, to be wicked at all:
 Mind this, all ye folks, from the *Glib* to the *Comb*,
 And be merry and wise like the lads of the loom.

And as to you, ladies, who caper and dance,
 With the eunuchs of *Rome*, the cotillons of *France*.
 O waste not on such empty trifles your bloom,
 But cherish the products and lads of the loom.

But if you must need have some music at night,
 Sure a good Irish hautboy will give more delight,
 When a lilt you may dance with the brave captain
Plume,

Who will gladly turn Weaver to work in your loom.

Above your own country prize not foreign parts,
 Nor let their gay toys gain your purses or hearts,
 Nor foolishly spend at *Bath*, *Paris*, or *Rome*,
 What at *Dublin* were wisely laid out on the loom.

S O N G CCLIII.

AT the sign of the horse, where old Spintext of
 course,

Each night took his pipe and his pot,
 O'er a joram of nappy, quite pleasant and happy,
 Was plac'd this canonical sot.

The

The evening was dark, when in came the clerk,
 With reverence due and submission;
 First strok'd his cravat, then twirl'd round his hat,
 And bowing, prefer'd his petition:

I'm come sir, says he, to beg, look d'ye see,
 Of your reverence's worship and glory,
 To inter a poor baby, with as much speed as may
 be,

And I'll walk with the lanthorn before you.

The body we'll bury, but pray what's the hurry?
 Why, lord sir, the corpse it does stay;
 You fool hold your peace, since miracles cease,
 A corpse, Moses, can't run away.

Then Moses he smil'd, saying, sir, a small child,
 Cannot long delay your intentions;
 Why that's true by St. Paul, a child that is small,
 Can never enlarge its dimensions.

Bring Moses some beer, and me some, d'ye hear,
 I hate to be call'd from my liquor;
 Come, Moses, the king; it's a scandalous thing,
 Such a subject should be but a vicar.

Then Moses he spoke, sir, 'tis past twelve o'clock,
 Besides there's a terrible shower;
 Why, Moses, you elf, since the clock has struck 12,
 I'm sure it can never strike more.

Besides my dear friend, this lesson attend,
 Which to say and to swear I'll be bold
 That a corpse, snow or rain, can't endanger, that's
 plain,
 But perhaps you or I may take cold.

Then Moses went on, sir, the clock has struck one,
 Pray, master, look up at the hand;
 Why it ne'er can strike less, 'tis a folly to press
 A man for to go, that can't stand.

At length hat and cloak, old Orthodox took,
 But first cramm'd his jaw with a quid ;
 Each tipt off a gill, for fear they should chill,
 Then stagger'd away side by side.

When come to the grave, the clerk he then gave,
 The surplice to wrap round the priest ;
 So droll was the figure, of Moses and Vicar,
 The parish still talk of the jest.

Good people, let's pray, put the corpse t'other way,
 Or perchance I shall over it stumble ;
 'Tis best to take care, tho' the fages declare,
A mortuum caput can't tremble

Woman that's born of man, that's wrong the leaf's
 torn,

Oh! man that's born of woman
 Can't continue an hour, but's cut down like a flower,
 You see, Moses, Death spareth no man.

Here, Moses, pray look, what a confounded book,
 Sure the letters are turn'd upside down,
 Such a scandalous print, sure the Devil is in't,
 That Blockhead should print for the crown :

Prithee, Moses, you read, for I cannot proceed,
 And bury the corpse in my stead,
 [Amen, amen.]

Why, Moses, you're wrong, you fool hold your
 tongue,
 You've taken the tail for the head :

O where's thy sting death! put the corpse in the
 earth,

For believe me 'tis terrible weather ;
 So the corpse was interr'd, without praying a word,
 And away they both stagger'd together.

S O N G

S O N G CCLIV.

LET poets prate of Venus' charms,
 Or beauteous Philomel;
 I do protest, they're but a jest,
 Compar'd with Betsy Bell.

She is so kind, so blythe and free,
 She never from me flies;
 When e'er we meet, she'll kiss so sweet,
 You're welcome, sir, she cries.

Into my arms one day she flew,
 With, "Lord! I'm glad you're come,
 "Come in, says she, I'm just at tea,
 "And faith you shall have some."

Then down I sat and took a dish,
 The fair one to oblige,
 And when we'd done, I strait begun,
 And boldly laid a siege.

"But stay, she cries—be merry and wise,"
 Then forc'd a gentle frown;
 But I began, retain'd the man,
 And storm'd at once the town.

I ask'd her meaning with a kiss,
 To me she made reply,
 "Hush! walls, she cries, have ears and eyes,
 "I'll tell you by and by."

A hearty kiss I gave her then,
 Amidst an am'rous squeeze:
 Quoth she, "Sir, pray one moment stay,
 "Then do just what you please."

Then pointing to the door, she said,
 "Let's first make that secure,
 "Then I and you will—or so,
 "When every thing's cock sure."

Such tranſient bliſs was never known.
 Nor can I it expreſs;
 The ſecret hid, what elſe we did,
 You're welcome all to gueſs.

S O N G CCLV.

THERE was a Miller's daughter
 Liv'd in a certain village
 Who made a mighty ſlaughter,
 For I'd have you to know,
 Both friends and foe,
 The clown and beau,
 She always laid low;
 And her portion as I underſtand,
 Was fix acres of land;
 Beſides a mill
 That never ſtood ſtill;
 Some ſheep and a cow,
 A harrow and plough;
 And other things for tillage,
 What d'ye think of my Miller's daughter?
 This pretty Miller's daughter,
 Was a damſel of ſuch fame, Sir,
 That knights and 'ſquires fought her;
 But, they ſoon were told
 That ſome were too bold,
 And ſome too cold,
 And ſome too old,
 And ſhe gave them to underſtand,
 That, though they were grand,
 She was not to be fold;
 For ſays Betty, ſays ſhe,
 My virtue to me
 Is dearer than gold;
 So you may go from whence you came, Sir,
 What d'ye think of the Miller's daughter?

But

But when this Miller's daughter,
Saw Ned the morris dancer,
His person quickly caught her.

Sir, who so clean
Upon the green,
As Ned was seen :
For her his queen,

Then blithe and merry as a king,
His bells he'd ring,

And dance and sing,
Like any thing,
Says he, my life
Woo't be my wife ;

A blush and kifs was Betty's answer :
What d'ye think of my Miller's daughter.

S O N G CCLVI.

THIS cold flinty heart, it is you who have
warm'd,

You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd,
You waken'd my passions, my senses have charm'd,
In vain against merit and Cymon I strove.

What's life without passion, sweet passion of
love,

Sweet passion, sweet passion, sweet passion of love!

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow,
From youth that is frost nipt, no raptures can flow,
Elysium to him but a desert will prove,

What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

The spring shou'd be warm, the young season be gay.

The birds and the flowrets make blithsome sweet
May,

Love blesses the cottage, and sings thro' the grove,

What's life without passion—sweet passion of love?

S O N G

S O N G CCLVII.

DE'EL take the wars, that hurry'd Willy fra
me

Who to love me just had sworn,
They made him a captain surely to undo me,

Woe is me he'll ne'er return,

I us'd alluring graces,

With muckle kind embraces,

Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall,
And had he my soft arms, preferr'd to war's alarms,

My love is growing sad, all for my bonny lad,

I fear in my fit I had granted all.

A thousand loons abroad may fight him,

He from thousands ne'er will run,

Oft in my arms I did invite him.

To stay at home fra sword or gun,

I us'd alluring graces, with muckle kind embraces,

Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall,

And had he my soft arms preferr'd to war's alarms.

My love is growing sad, all for my bonny lad,

I fear in my fit I had granted all.

For a new gown I gave muckle money,

Which with flowers of gold did shine,

Well might my love think me both blyth and bon-
ny,

No Scotch lads was e'er so fine,

My pettycoat I spotted, fringe too of thread I knot-
ted,

Lace-shoes, and silken-hose, to garter o'er the
knee,

But oh! the fatal thought, to Willy they are nought,
He rides through towns, and revels with dragoons,

While he the silly loon might have plunder'd me.

S O N G CCLVIII,

A Curse attends that woman's love,
That always wou'd be pleasing,
The pertness of the billing dove
Like tickling is but teasing.

What then in love can woman do ?
If we grow fond they shun us,
If we fly then they pursue,
But leave us when they've won us:
If we fly then they pursue,
But leave us when they've won us.

S O N G CCLIX.

THE Gods and the Goddeses lately did feast,
Where Ambrosia with exquisite sauces were
drest ;

The eatables did with their deities suit,
But what they should drink did occasion dispute.

'Twas time that old nectar was grown out of fashi-
on ;

Being what they did drink long before the creation ;
When the sky-colour'd cloth was mov'd from the
broad,

For the chrystaline bowl, great Jove gave the
word.

The bowl it was large, of a heavenly size,
Wherein they did use infant gods to baptize :
Quoth Jove, I'm inform'd they drink punch upon
earth,

Whereby mortal wits far exceed us in mirth ;

Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they ;
'Twas spoke like a god, fill the bowl to the top,
He's cashier'd from the skies that leaves the least
drop.

The

Then Apollo sent away two of his lasses,
 With pitchers to fill at the well of Parnassus ;
 To poet's new-born, this liquor was brought,
 And they suck'd it in for their morning's first
 draught.

Juno for lemons stept into her closet,
 Which when she was sick she infus'd into posset ;
 For Goddeses may be as squeamish as gipsies,
 The sun and the moon you know have their eclipses.

Venus, admirer of all things that were sweet,
 Without whose infusion there had been no treat,
 Commanded two sugar loaves, white as her doves,
 To be brought to the table by a pair of young
 loves.

So wonderful curious those deities were,
 The sugar was strain'd thro' a piece of fine air ;
 Jolly Bacchus gave notice by dangling his bunch,
 That without his assistance, there could be no
 punch.

What he meant by the sequel is very well known,
 Then threw in ten gallons of trusty lagoon :
 Mars, tho' a blunt god, and chief of the biskers,
 Was set at a table a curling his whiskers.

Quoth he, fellow Gods, and celestial gallants,
 I wou'd not give a fig for the punch without Nantz,
 Therefore, my Ganymede, I do command ye,
 To throw in ten gallons of right Nantz brandy.

Saturn of all the gods there, was the oldest.
 And we may imagine his stomach was the coldest ;
 He out of his pouch, did nine nutmegs produce,
 Which being well grated were put in the juice ;
 Neptune, this ocean of good liquor did crown,
 With a sea biscuit bak'd very hard in the sun.

The bowl being finish'd, a health then began,
Quoth Jove, let it be to that creature call'd man;
'Tis to him alone we these blessings do owe,
For heaven was never true heaven till now.
The gods being pleased, the health went about,
'Till gorrel-belly'd Bacchus great guts nigh burst
out.

The other jolly gods whole oceans did swallow.
Actæon with hounds and with huntsmen did hallow;
The punch was delightful, that plenty did bring,
And all the world over their fame it did ring.

Spoken by Mr. Ryder at Smock-alley Theatre.

YE social friends of claret and of wit,
Where'er dispers'd, in merry groupes ye sit,
Whether below ye gild the glitt'ring scene,
Or croud aloft there, on a bold thirteen;
Ye bucks, assembled at a brother's call,
By heaven! I know ye, and have at ye all!

By Nature's hand, within, the sparks are struck,
That constitute a thing we call a buck,
Nor yet to sex, degree, or age confin'd,
It lives an active principle of mind;
And seen in ev'ry class o' th' human frame,
Tho' th' effect differ, yet the thing's the same.

The motive here that sets our bucks on fire,
The general wish, the first and last desire,
If you with plaudits echo to renown,
Or, urg'd to fury, tear the benches down;
It's still the same—To one bright goal you haste
To shew your spirit, and approve your taste:
'Tis not in nature for you to be quiet;
No—damme!—bucks exist but in a riot.

For instance now, to charm th' admiring crowd,
 Your bucks i' th' boxes sneer and talk aloud,
 To th' lattice next, with joyous speed they run,
 Illo! Illo! my bucks!—Well what's the fun?
 Tho' Shakespear speak, regardless of the play,
 They loll and laugh the sprightly hours away;
 For to seem sensible of real merit,
 Is certainly—beneath us lads of spirit!
 Your bucks i' th' pit are—miracles of learning!
 Who point out faults to show their own discerning;
 And critic like, bestriding martyr'd sense,
 Proclaim their genius and—vast consequence!

The middle row, whose keener views of bliss
 Are chiefly center'd in a fav'rite Miss;
 A set of jovial bucks do there resort,
 Flush'd from the tavern—reeling ripe for sport.
 Whispering soft nonsense in the fair one's ear,
 ' My life,—my soul, my joy—my only dear,' }
 And wholly ignorant of what passes here;
 Wak'd from their dream, oft join the house ap-
 plause,
 With—bravo! bravo!—fine! charming!—what
 was it?

Thus show their taste, unconscious of the cause.

Ye bucks above, who reign like gods at large—
 Nay, do not grin—but listen to your charge.
 You, who resolv'd to change the scene of raillery,
 Out talk the players in the upper gallery;
 While deaf'ning shouts support your high renown,
 You stamp with ease your merit on the town;
 Your judgment is so fierce—your wit so loud,
 That 'pon my soul, I'm sure it must be good.

' One in this house oft feels your noisy sway,
 ' In troth the lad is willing to obey,
 ' I know him well, no one knows him better;
 ' Egad I knew him e'er he knew a letter;

- ‘ And ‘this I know, believe my knowledge true,
- ‘ He bears a most profound respect for you.
- ‘ When tir’d oft in tedious farce and play,
- ‘ He thinks to drag his weary bones away,
- ‘ You call him back with loud vociferation,
- ‘ And thunder in his ears, *moderation, moderation,*
- ‘ Half dead the culprit comes and sings the song,
- ‘ Or cracks a joke to save his tir’d tongue.
- ‘ Egad I now remember as I hither came,
- ‘ This Ryder—aye, that’s the fellow’s name,
- ‘ Requested to you all I’d something say,
- ‘ To send you satisfy’d and pleas’d away;
- ‘ For my dear friend, said Ryder, do you see,
- ‘ Whate’er you say, they’ll think it’s surely me.
- ‘ Faith that’s true——
- ‘ ‘ Ladies and gentlemen, around, below, above,
- ‘ For this and favours past, with gratitude and
love,
- ‘ His glowing bosom’s ardent thanks receive;
- ‘ Do, take the fellow’s thanks, ’tis all he has to
give.
- ‘ My message done, I bow to your decree,
- ‘ And beg, for Ryder’s sake, you’ll clap for me.

 *The Words inclosed thus ‘ are Mr. Ryder’s
Additions.*

THE COMPLETE COUNTRY-DANCER.

A.

1. ALDRIDGE's HORNPIPE.

SIX hands round twice, three couple link and dance round see-saw and right and left.

2. ANDREW CARY.

Cast off two couple and back again, cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides, and turn your partner.

3. ALL ALIVE.

Cast off and 4 hands round with 3d cu. dance down the middle, up again, cast off and right and left.

B.

4. BONNY LADS.

Cast off two couple and back again, set and baulk long corners, and between each setting, to set and baulk to your partner, then set long corners, out at the sides and turn your partner.

5. BALLINAMONA.

Cast off, cross over below third couple, lead up between second and third couple, foot it, right and left.

6. BER-

6. BERWICK LASSES.

First and second couple dance back and change places, then cros over one couple, dance back and change places again—then cros over to their own places, right and left, hands acros (half round) dance back and right and left.

7. THE BISHOP OF OSNABURGH's HORNPIPE.

First and 2d cu. set and hands half round—1st cu. hands round with 3d cu.—1st cu. lead thro' the 3d cu. cast up and turn, lead thro' the 2d, cast off and turn, 1st, 2d, and 3d. cu. set and hands once round.

8. LORD BUTE's RACE.

First and second couple right and left hands acros, cast off, lead thro the 3d couple and cast up, right and left at top.

9. BRING THE NEGUS.

First wo. cast off round 2d wo. cros over and go round the 3d man, cast up round 3d wo. cros and go round 2d man to her own place, her partner following her, lead down one couple, four hands round with 3d couple, set, and hands a-cros with 2d couple.

10. BROWN's RANT.

Dance back and change places, cros over two couple, lead up and set long corners, out at the sides and turn your partner.

11. BRICK MAKERS.

First and second couple take hands with their own partners, and dance forward, then face each other and clap hands: Then first and second man and first and second woman take hands, dance out at the sides, face each other and clap again; right and left hands a-cros and clap, cros over one cu. right and left, and clap again.

12. BASKET

12. BASKET OF OYSTERS.

Cast off two couple and up again, dance down the middle and up again, cast off, set corner ways, lead out at the sides and turn.

13. BUCKS OF WESTMEATH.

Dance back and change places, lead down the middle and up again, cast off, hands round with third couple, right and left at top.

14. BALTIOURA.

Dance down the middle two couple, hook with right arm, turn and cast up one couple, hook with left arm and cast up to the top; cast of 1 cu. set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

15. TWO BREWERS.

Cast off 2d cu. up again, whole figure, cross over two cu. half figure to the top and right and left.

C.

16. CAMERONIAN REEL.

Cast off two couple and back again, cross over two couple, set long corners, lead out at the sides and turn your partner.

17. CONNOR'S HORNPIPE.

Three hands round with second woman, ditto with second man, first and second cu. dance back, foot it and turn their partners, ditto and turn again, cross over one cu. and right and left.

18. COME BEGIN, SIR.

Hook and turn with right hand and cast off, then hook and turn with left hand, set long corners, and to your partner without turning.

19. COPPER CAPTAIN.

First couple cross over and cast down two couple, the same up again, lead down the middle and turn, right and left at top.

20. CURRAGH RACES.

First couple cast down, at the same time 3d couple lead up, and each turn partners; 1st couple

ple lead up and the 3d cast down and turn partners, 1st couple lead down two couple, cast up one, right and left at top.

21. CASTLE GUARD.

First couple lead thro' the 2d. 1st man turn 2d and 3d woman, and the same time 1st woman turn 2d and 3d man, and then turn partners, lead thro' 3d couple, cast up, lead thro' the 2d couple, cast off and turn.

22. DONNYBROOK FAIR.

First man and woman heys on their own side, the same contrary sides, lead down two couple, cast up one, hands a-crofs at top.

23. DORSET-STREET ASSEMBLY.

First and 2d couple dance back and foot it, right and left, hands a-crofs, crofs over one couple, right and left.

24. DISTILLERS.

Cast off two couple, link, dance down the middle two couple and back again, set long corners, dance out at the sides and turn.

25. DAINTY DAVY.

Dance down the middle, one cu. back again, cast off one couple, and dance down another couple, cast off one more, then six hands round, lead up to the top and cast off one cu. then first man hook 3d wo. then his partner; then hook 2. wo. and his partner again, dance outside and turn your partner.

26. DEVIL's DEAD.

Cast off two couple and up again, the first heys on the woman's side, his partner the same on the men's side; crofs over two couple, lead up to the top, four hands round, right and left.

27. THE DRAUGHT.

Hook your partner with right hand, and crofs over one couple and hook with the left, fall in between 3d cu. your partner between 2d cu. and dance

dance face to face, fall in to your partner's place, and the into yours, set and turn long corners, out at the sides and turn your partner.

28. WIDOW DICKENS.

Cast off one couple and turn partner, ditto another couple and turn again, then fall in between third man and woman, all four in a breast, ditto with second man and woman, lead up and cast off one couple, hands a-crofs with third couple, seefaw with ditto, right and left with second couple.

29. NANCY DAWSON.

First and second couple dance back and change places, first cu. crofs over one couple, second cu. do the same, right and left hands a-crofs, lead down the middle one couple, foot it, right and left.

Ditto single.

First and 2d cu. dance back and change places, crofs over one cu. and right and left.

30. DANIEL COOPER.

Cast off one couple, up again, crofs over one couple, right and left.

31. K. OF DENMARK'S DELIGHT.

Right and left hands a-crofs, lead down the middle and up again, cast off one couple, right and left.

32. DOCTOR MACK.

Cast off two cu. and back again, dance down the middle and up again, cast off, hands a-crofs half round and back again, turn your partner and right and left.

33. DOWN WITH THE PEBBLES.

Cast off two couple and back again, crofs over two couple, set long corners, lead out at the sides and turn your partner.

34. ESSEX

E.

34. ESSEX BRIDGE.

First cu. cast off and hands a-crofs with 3d cu, 2d cu. the fame, cast off two cu. lead up one, right and left at top.

F.

35. THE FRANCHISES.

First three cu. fet and crofs into their partners places, the fame back again, second cu. lead thro' 3d couple and cast up to the 1st couple's place, the 1st cu. follow them and cast up into the second couple's place, 1st three couple hands round.

36. FANNY'S FANCY.

Dance down one couple, turn your partner, cast off another, turn your partner, six hands round lead up to top, cast off one couple, and right and left.

37. MISS FAUSTUS'S MAGGOT.

Change sides, back again, quick time; minute time, lead out your partner below 2d couple, 2d do the fame, right and left hands a-crofs; quick time, fet 2d wo. your partner fet 2d man, crofs over one couple, and right and left.

38. THE FIFE MAJOR.

First man fet and half turn with the 2d. wo. and fall betwixt 2d and 3d wo. first wo. do the fame with the 2d man; crofs over the 3d couple lead up and turn, lead up thro' 2d cu. cast off and turn.

39. FOLLOW ME, LADS.

Hands a-crofs and back again, crofs over 1 cu. right and left.

40. FIGURANTI.

First couple lead down one couple, up again and cast off; second couple the fame: crofs over two couple, fet and turn long corners, dance out at the sides, turn and right and left at top.

41. THE

41. THE GALLOP.

First man cast off and turn 3d wo. first wo. cast off and turn 3d man, fix hands round and right and left.

H.

42. HAMILTON's RANT.

Cast off two cu. and back again then the man to fall in between 3d man and wo. the wo. at the same time fall in between 2d man and 2d wo. all footing it at one time: Then the man to fall in between 2d and 3d woman, and the woman to fall in between 2d and 3d man and foot it, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

43. HUMOURS OF DUBLIN.

First couple foot it and cast off, lead thro' the second couple and cast off, cross over, half figure with 3d cu. lead up, and right and left with 2d couple.

44. HEY ME NANCY.

First man beckons to his partner, and casts off two cu. she beckons to him and returns back again, then cross over two cu. set long corners, dance out all the sides and turn.

45. HAY MAKERS.

The first couple dance back, foot it, and turn their partners, cross over one couple, and right and left.

46. HUMOURS OF PRIEST TOWN.

Lead down the middle 2 cu. and back again, first man set and turn second woman, second man set and turn first woman, cross over and right and left.

47. HEY FOR THE LIBERTY

First woman cast off two couple and fall into the 2d woman's place, at the same time the first man follow her and fall into the 2d man's place; first man cast down round the 3d man, at the same time first woman cast up round the 2d woman,

M

meet

meet and turn proper, hands round with the 3d couple, right and left at top.

48. HUSSEY'S MAGGOT.

Change sides, back again, cros over one couple, lead up and cast off, clap hands, hands round and right and left.

49. HOLE IN THE WALL.

Cast off one couple, and hook, up to the top and hook, heys contrary partners, set corners and out at the sides.

50. HONEY MOON.

Whole figure down, up again, cros over two couple, lead up to the top, and foot it all four, right and left half round, same back again, cros over, half figure, right and left.

51. HUMOURS OF CASTLEBAR.

Dance down two couple and up again, set to 2d woman and turn your partner, the same with the 2d man, hands across and back again, dance to your partner and turn, right and left at top.

52. HIGHLAND REEL.

Dance down two couple and up again, fix hands round and back again, dance and turn your partners, right and left at top.

53. HUMOURS OF DUNDRUM.

Dance back, change places, jig down the middle and up again, right and left.

I.

54. ISLE OF SKY.

First and second couple dance back, change places, cros over one cu. lead up and cast off, right hands a-cros once round with 3d. couple, left hands with 2d cu. four hands round with 3d couple, right and left with 2d. Or,

Right hands a-cros, left hands a-cros, dance down the middle, up again and cast off at top, set corners, out at the sides and turn.

55. THE

55. THE IRISH LASSES.

Cast off one couple, dance to your partner, cast off another, the same: dance down the middle, up again and cast off at top, change sides with 3d cu. dance down the middle, up again, and right and left with 2d couple.

56. WILKES's MAGGOT.

First cu. cast off, up again, cross over 2d cu. lead up to top, cast off, set and turn long corners, and lead outlides.

57. JACK's ALIVE.

Change sides, back again, cross over 2d cu. set long corners. Or,

Right and left hands a-cross, cross over 2d cu. lead up to the top, cast off one cu. six hands round, right and left at top.

58. JOLLITY.

Hands round with 2d cu. cast off, hands round with 3d couple, lead up and cast off, turn, right and left.

59. JENNY BANG THE WEAVER.

Cast off 2 cu. up again, 1st man leads round 3d man, and second wo. his partner following him, then set long corners, out at sides and turn.

60. JENNY's TASTE.

Cast off one cu. turn partners, lead up and cast off, foot it a-cross, right and left.

61. THE IRISH NODDY.

Cast off one cu. lead to bottom, cast up, 4 hands round at bottom, lead up, cast off right and left.

62. THE INFANT.

Right hands a-cross half round, left hands back again, lead down the middle 2 cu. up again, cast off one cu. hands round with 3d cu. right and left at top.

K.

63. KITTY'S WEDDING.

First and 2d. cu. dance back and change places, cross over one cu. right and left.

L.

64. LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

First and second couple dance back and change places, cross over one couple, lead up and cast off one couple four hands twice round with third couple, dance out at the sides, turn, and right and left at top.

65. LIGRUMCUS.

Right and left hands a-cross with 2d cu. then first man beckon to his partner and cast off 2d cu. she beckons to him and returns back, then change places, and first man dance with second woman, first woman do the same with second man at the same time, then change again, and dance back with second couple, cross over and right and left.

66. LADS OF AIR.

First man dance to 2d wo. he cast down and she up at the same time; second man and first woman do the same, right and left hands a-cross: first man set and turn 2d wo. 2d man ditto with first wo. lead down the middle one cu, foot it right and left.

67. LADY ANN HAMILTON'S REEL.

First and 2d cu. foot right and left half round, the same back again, cross over one couple, lead thro' third cu. cast up one couple and right and left.

68. LADY CARO. RUSSELS'S REEL.

Right and left hands a-cross, then first man set and turn 2d wo. and first woman set and turn 2d man, see-saw first and second couple and half right and left.

69. LORD

69. LORD MARCH's NIGHT-CAP.

First and 2d cu. take hands, and dance back to back (first cu. facing the head of the room) then first and 2d man, and 1st and 2d woman dance out at the sides, right and left hands across, cross over one cu. and right and left.

70. LADY BERKLEY's WHIM.

Cast off two couple, up again, fall in three below and three above, six hands round and back again, dance to your partner and turn, right and left at top.

M.

71. MINERS OF WICKLOW.

Cast off one cu. and foot it, ditto another cu. and back again, lead down the middle two cu. and back again, then cast off one cu. set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

72. MOLONEY's JIGG.

[See Miners of Wicklow.]

73. THE MAGAZINE.

Cast off and hands round with 3d couple, cast up and hands round with second, lead down the middle and up again, cast off, and right and left at top.

74. MERRILY DANC'D THE QUAKER,

Foot it and hook, and turn with right arms, cast off and ditto with left, hands a-cross with third couple, and right and left at top.

75. MEDLICOT's RANT.

First man cast off, dances to 3d. woman, turns and rests between 3d cu. first woman the same ending between 2d cu. first man lead up third cu. his partner lead up 2d cu. she casts up round third wo. she round 2d man, he leads forward 2d and 3d wo. she 2d and 3d man; first couple turn in 2d cu. place.

76. MERRY DANCERS.

Dance back and change places; first man set and turn 2d wo. first wo. with 2d man, cross over one cu. and right and left.

77. THE MAJOR*.

Cross over to the bottom, then seefaw to top, all the company join hands and dance round, cast off and gallop to the bottom.

78. MICHELL's HORNPIPE.

Right and left hands a-cross, cross over one cu. and right and left.

79. M'NEAL's HORNPIPE.

First and second couple dance back and right hands a-cross, ditto, and left hands a-cross, three cu. link and dance round, cross over one cu. and right and left.

80. DUSTY MILLER.

Half heys below 3d couple, cross over between 2d and 3d cu. hook and turn your partner; then hook and turn long corners, and between each corner to hook and turn your partner, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

81. MAID OF THE MILL.

Turn your partner, dance down second cu. and back again, heys contrary sides, set long corners, lead up to top, cross over one cu. and right and left. Or,

First man and wo. cast off one cu. and turn, at same time 3d cu. lead up and turn; 3d cu. cast off and turn, first couple lead up and turn; three first men draw down into the 3d woman's place and back again; cross over two couple, lead up, set, and cast off; set and six hands round.

* The Major is a dance which is generally made use of to bring the couple, that have led off their complement, to the bottom.

82. MAD

82. MAD CAPTAIN.

Swing right hands, cast off one couple; swing left hands and cast up to top, cross over two couple, lead up to top, cast off, set corners and lead out at sides.

83. M'DONALD'S REEL.

First couple dance and cast down second couple up again, dance and cross over second couple up to top and dance; first man turn third woman with right hand, his partner with left, then second woman with right, she doing the same at same time with opposite corner men, turn your partner into second couple's place.

N.

84. LORD NEWBATTLE'S REEL,

First man hook second woman, and first woman hook second man, then first man set and turn second woman, and first woman set and turn second man, cross over and right and left.

85. NOBODY'S JIG.

Cast off two couple, clap, up again, clap, cross over two couple, set long corners, and out at the sides.

86. NAKED BOY.

First couple lead thro' the second, cast off below the third and turn; lead thro' the third couple and cast up above the second and turn; cross over two couple, lead up one, and right and left at top.

87. NEW DARGLE.

Dance back and change places, jig down the middle and up again, cast off, hands round with third couple, right and left at top.

O.

88. OFF AND ON.

Dance down two couple, back again, cross over two couple, lead up and cast off, right hands round with third couple, back again, set and turn your partner, and right and left with second couple.

M 4

89. ONLY

89. ONLY THINK OF THAT.

Heys contrary sides, same on your own side; lead thro' second couple and cast up; lead thro' top and turn your partner.

P.

90. PRETTY LADY.

Three hands round with second woman, ditto with second man, cross over one couple, turn your partner and right and left.

91. PIPER'S MAGGOT.

Cast off two couple and back again, lead down the middle to second couple's place, and cast up to the top, then cross over two couple, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

92. PHOENIX PARK.

First couple cross over two couple, the same up again; cast down one couple, lead thro' the third and cast up one; set, and four hands round with second couple.

93. PEAS UPON A TRENCHER.

First and second couple dance back and change places, cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides, foot it and turn your partner.

94. PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS.

Right and left hands a-cross, cross over one couple, and right and left.

Q.

95. QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Hook with right arm and turn, cast off one couple, and ditto with left arm, four hands round twice, set long corners, out at the sides and turn.

96. QUEEN'S COUNTY BOYS.

Dance down two couple, up again, jig down the middle, up again, set corners, out at the sides.

97. QUICK

97. QUICK STEP.

First man swing half round with his partner, the same with the second and third woman; the first woman the same on the other side and meet at the bottom; the same upon the other sides, lead down two couple, cast up one, and four hands round at top.

R.

98. RAKES OF MALLOW.

First man heys on the woman's side, his partner heys on the men's side at the same time, then heys at their own sides, the two first couple hands half round, and right and left.

99. RYAN's RANT.

Change sides, back again, cross over one couple, left hands at bottom, right hands at top, see-saw and right and left.

100. THE ROTUNDA.

Cast off one couple, first man turn second and third man, at the same time first woman turn second and third woman: change places and do the same contrary sides; first man goes round the third woman, at the same time first woman goes round second, meet and turn, first man goes round second woman, and first woman round third man, meet and turn proper.

101. RAKES OF CASHELL.

Fall back, change places, jig down the middle, up again, cast off, hands round with third couple, right and left at top.

102. RAKES OF KILKENNY.

Hands a-cross and back again, cross over one couple, right and left.

103. RAKES OF WESTMEATH.

Cast off two couple and back again, cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides, and turn your partner.

M 5

104. SHELA

S.

104. SHEELA NA GIGG.

First man dance behind second man; first woman the same behind the second woman, peeping four times at each other, then set and baulk with second couple, cross over and right and left.

105. SCOTS BONNET.

Dance down two couple, back again, change sides and back again, cross over two couple, hook long corners, between which hook and turn your partner, set long corners, turn your partner and right and left,

106. THE SOLDIER'S JOY.

Dance down two couple, and back again, first and third couple see-saw round second couple, the first three couple link and dance round into their places, cross over one couple and right and left.

107. SERENADE.

Cast off two couple, up again, cast off one, four hands at bottom, and right and left at top.

108. SHEPHERD'S FLOCK.

Cross over two couple, and up again; cross over one couple and right and left.

109. SALMON LEAP.

Cast off one couple, hands round with the third couple, set and hands round with the second couple; first man goes round the third couple into the second couple's place, same time the first woman goes round the second couple, turn proper, and right and left at top.

T.

110. TRIP TO NENAGH.

Cast off two couple and back again, cross over two couple, set long corners, dance out at the sides and turn your partner.

111. TRIP

111. TRIP TO CORK.

Set and half right and left, the same back again, cross over, lead thro' the second couple, cast off, and right and left at top.

112. TRIM HER VELVET.

Cast off one couple, set and cast off another couple, heys up to the top, change sides and back again, cross over two couple, set long corners, out at the sides and turn your partner.

113. TRANSIT OF VENUS.

Swing right hands and cast off one couple, left hands and cast up to top, lead thro' third couple, cast up and right and left at top.

114. TIM WHISKEY.

First man hunt his partner round second woman, second man into the third couple's place, foot it and turn partners, six hands round, lead up to top and cast off.

115. TRICKS AND FANCIES.

First couple cast off and turn, second couple the same, cross over one couple, and right and left at top.

116. THEATRE-ROYAL.

First couple lead through second couple; cross and cast off below third couple; lead through third couple, cross and cast up round second couple, cross over one couple, half turn, and right and left at top.

117. TUZZY MUZZY.

Dance back and change places, cast off one couple and turn, and right and left with second couple.

118. TOM JONES.

Hands a-cross quite round and back again, cross over one couple and right and left.

119. THURLES CAMP.

First man turn his partner and turn the 2d woman, his partner turn the 2d man, hands a-cross
half

half round with the 2d Couple, the same back again, right and left at top.

W

120. WINDSOR FOREST.

First and 2d couple foot it and change sides, the same back again, cross over two couple, lead up to the top, foot it, and cast off, four hands round with 3d couple, right and left at top. Or,

Right and left hands a-cross, four hands round twice, seefaw and half right and left.

121. WHO'D HA' THOUGHT IT.

Cast off two couple, up again, cross over two couple, lead up to the top and cast off, set corners and lead out at sides.

122. WATER FALL.

First couple cast off one couple, lead through the 3d couple, cast up again and lead through the 2d couple and cast off, set double corners and turn.

123. WIDOW'S FROLICK.

The first woman cast off round 2d and 3d woman, the first man following lead up one couple, set double corners and then to your partner; first man figure round the 2d woman, the first woman round the 3d man, then turn into false places, first man round 3d woman, first woman round 2d man and turn.

124. WILD IRISHMAN.

First couple heys at their own sides (or, dance back and change places) cross over two couple, set long corners, out at the sides, turn, right and left.

XII. COUNTRY DANCES

COMPOSED FOR

SHAKESPEAR's JUBILEE.

No. 1. MRS. QUICKLY.

HANDS a-crofs, fame back again, lead down two couple and cast up; first man hands round with second woman, and then with the third woman, same time first woman does the same figure with first and second Man.

2. WARWICKSHIRE LADS.

Whole figure down your own side and turn your partner, crofs over half figure, lead down one couple and cast off, back to back with your partner, and hands four at the bottom.

3. STAFFORDSHIRE JUBILEE. -

Cast off one couple, turn your partner, and right and left at top, whole figure on your own side, draw round second and third couple, right and left at bottom, and turn your partner.

4. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Swing your partner with right hand and cast off one couple, same with left hand and cast off another, crofs over two couple to the top, cast off one couple, first man turn third woman, first woman turn third man, and right and left at top; first man whole figure at top, woman at bottom, first man hands round with second woman, first woman hands round with second man.

5. CALIBAN's

5. CALIBAN's JIGG.

Right and left with third couple at bottom, half figure on your own sides, and right and left at top; cros over one couple, first man three hands round with second and third woman, the same with second and third man, half round third couple, turn your partner, and four hands round at top.

6. DOLL TEARSHEET's RANT.

Cast off one couple, first man hands round with second and third man, first woman the same on her side, first man right hands across at bottom with third couple, then left hands a-cros at top and then at bottom; first and second couple back to back, and turn their own partners, heys at their own side, and turn their partners.

7. THE MULBERRY TREE.

Cros over one couple, turn your partner half round, and right and left with third couple, first man heys with third couple at bottom, first woman heys with second couple at top, first man draw his partner round third couple, first man whole figure round second woman and third man, first woman the same round second man and third woman.

8. TRINCALO's REEL.

Set and cast off one couple; set and turn your partner; first man, set and turn third woman, first woman set and turn third man, first man set and turn second man, first woman the same.

9. WARWICKSHIRE LASSES.

First and second couple set and hands half round, the same back again; lead down the middle and set to third couple, then set to 2d couple, right and left at bottom and hands across at top.

10. BENEDICK's WEDDING.

First man turn half round with second and third man and finish at bottom, the first woman the same on her side; first couple whole figure round third couple; first man turns second and third woman half

half round and finish at top, first woman the same with second and third man ; cross over and turn your partner.

11. HUMOURS OF EASTCHEAP.

Set and cross over one couple, set and half figure round first couple, set corners and right and left at bottom.

12. TOUCHSTONE's FROLICK.

First couple half right and left with second couple, and then with the third, and set at bottom, same back again ; cast off one couple, first man turn third woman, first woman third man ; hey at top, the woman at bottom and turn partners.

Six Cotillons composed for Shakespeare's Jubilee.

COTILLION 1.

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ALL round, right hands and left four, four lead up, turn their ladies once round into their places, the other four do the same ; every gentleman turn his partner.

2. TAMING OF THE SHREW.

All round ; each turn his partner, balance, turn each others partners ; balance, a rigadoon step ; every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

3. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

All round ; four couple turn each others partners : chassee all eight, turn your partners into their places, then chassee again all by eight, then turn their partners again into their places.

4. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

All round, all four couple take their partners by their hands and by turning go all round to their own places ; all four couple by crossing change places ; by chassee and rigadoon step return to their places.

5. AS YOU LIKE IT.

All round ; right and left four, lead up and turn their ladies once round into their places ; the other four do the same ; every gentleman turn his partner.

6. TWELFTH NIGHT, OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

All round ; the *Quen de Chasse* by the first four, the same by the second four, the first four lead up, change their ladies and turn to the other four ; then clap hands three times and beat three times with their feet ; then turn their partners into their places, the other do the same ; le *Promenade*, every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

The Figures of Sixteen Cotillons ; or French Dances, as performed at Court, and all polite Assemblies.

Changes of the following COTILLONS.

- 1st, Turn your partner with both hands.
- 2d, Four ladies hands a-cross.
- 3d, Four gentlemen hands a-cross.
- 4th, Four ladies hands round.
- 5th, Four gentlemen hands round.
- 6th, L'Allemande.
- 7th, La Chaine.
- 8th, La Promenade.
- 9th, All round.

N. B. The principal Figure of every Dance to be repeated between each change.

COTILLON I.
LA ST. GEORGE

ALL round, four lead, fall back, balance, four round, the other four do the same, every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

2. LA

2. LA FRANCFORT.

All round, first gentleman turn the 2d lady, the 2d gentleman the 1st lady, and so on throughout the whole company, then each gentleman turn his partner, the first 4 lead up, the second 4 do the same, right and left all round, the promenade, every gentleman turn his partner into her own place.

3. LA SYLVIE.

All round, the Quen de Chassee by the first 4, the same by the second 4, the first 4 lead up, change their ladies and turn to the other 4, then clap hands three times and beat three times with their feet, then turn their partners into their places, the other 4 do the same, le promenade, every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

4. LA D'AUVERGNE.

All round, Chassee a quatre, all 4 bow, then turn separately into their places, the other 4 do the same, every gentleman turn his partner.

5. LA PONTLEVOY.

All round, Chassee a quatre, hands a-crois in the centre, the other 4 do the same, every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

6. LA STRASBOURGEOISE.

All round, first 4 turn the other 4, change places, l'Allemande, turn to the other 4 again, the other 4 do the same, every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

7. LA LE BLOND.

All round; Chassee a quatre, threaten with one finger, clap hands round 4, the same by the other 4, every gentleman turn his partner into her own place.

8. LES ECHOS DE PASSY.

All round, Chassee a quatre, threaten with the right hand, and beat with the foot, at the same time the same with the left hand and beat again with

with the foot, 4 hands a-crofs, the other 4 do the fame; every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

9. LA ROSALLIE.

All round; four lead up, during which other four go the Caffee in the corners; the other four lead up, and the first four go the Caffee in the corners; every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

10. LA CAREL.

All round; four couple turn each others partners, chaffee all eight, turn their partners into their places, then chaffee again by all eight; then turn their partners into their places.

11. LA CASCADE.

All round; four leap up, balance, a rigadoon step, change places by hands a-crofs half round, lead up, balance, a rigadoon step, return to their places by turning half round four; every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

12. LES CAPRICES.

All round; four lead up, turn your own hands one over the other, clap with one hand, the right hand on the breast, the left hand the same, clap hands, turn separately each into their own places, the other four do the same; every gentleman turn his partner.

13. LA NELLA CAREL.

All round; four lead up, hands round four, then two pass under the arms of the other two; all four join hands and turn round back to back; the queen de Chaffee and right and left by the same four, the other four do the same; every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

14. LA GEORGETTE.

All round; each turn his partner, balance, turn each others partners; balance, a rigadoon step, every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

15. LES

15. LES PLAISIRS ALLEMANDS.

All round; right hands and left four, four lead up, turn their ladies once round into their places, the other four do the same; every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

16. LA FETE DU CHATEAU ALLEMANDE.

All round; first four go the quen de Chassee, the two ladies turn right hands in the center, and then turn the gentlemen with their left hands, the next four do the same; every gentleman turn his partner into her place.

A Catalogue of the Names of several Minuets made choice of at the Castle, &c.

THE Castle Minuet.

Bath Minuet.

Dutchess of Hamilton's.

Countess of Coventry's.

Miss Woffington's.

Signor Tenducci's.

Squire O'Brien's.

Captain Read's.

Sig. Le Nemora's.

Miss Fisher's.

Signora Rosalia's.

Lord Brooke's.

Lord Townshend's.

Capt. Fleming's.

Lord Charlemont's.

Lady Sarah Stewart's.

Miss Wilson's.

Lady Drogheda's.

Lady Newtown's.

Lady Blayney's.

Lady Gore's.

Lady Carrick's.

Duchess

M
L
M
M
M
M
M
M
Su
M
M
M
M
M
M
E
H
C
M
D
M
M

May

May providence unite the hearts that love.

Love of liberty, and liberty in love.

May authority be amiable without debasing its dignity.

May we learn to know our own hearts better and trust them less.

May we never pronounce certain judgment without certain knowledge.

May we never condemn that in others which we wou'd pardon in ourselves.

May we never be so base as to envy the happiness of others.

May we never find charms in beauty, where modesty is wanting.

May we never think a rich man wise merely for his wealth.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

May we have in our arms, them we love in our hearts.

May we never condemn by hear-say, nor applaud by fashion.

May we be faithful to to our friends, and generous to our enemies.

May our pride never increase our enemies, nor put our friends to flight.

May we rather endeavour to kill an injury by neglect, than injure ourselves by revenge.

Every man good and every woman pleased.

Health, joy and mutual love.

Content in a cottage, and envy to none.

May he who wants friendship, also want friends.

Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May the happiness of others, rather melt us to tears of sensibility, than the smile of indifference.

May

May we be ashamed to be seen in those things which
carry a just infamy with them.

May ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May we kiss whom we please, and please whom
we kiss.

May we be rich in friends, rather than money.

The happy man that contributes his happiness to
others.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and
friends to nothing but merit.

May we be more ready to correct our own faults
than publish the faults of others.

More friends and less need of them.

Gaiety, and innocence.

Love for love.

Love and opportunity.

Life, love and liberty.

Universal benevolence.

Decent œconomy.

May we never so much remember our own virtues,
as to teach others to remember our vices.

The pleasure in pleasing.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our
fortunes.

Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship.

All that gives us pleasure.

A head to earn and a heart to spend.

A good wife and a great many of them.

May all honest souls find a friend in need.

The agreeable rubs of life.

May the heart that's sincere gain the smiles of the
fair.

All good men great, and great men good.

May our love like our wine improve by its age.

May the wings of extravagancy, be clipt by the
sheers of œconomy.

The harvest of life, love, wit, and good humour.

May

May our joys with the fair, give pleasure to the heart.

Good trade and well paid.

May our happiness be sincere and our joys everlasting.

Sense to gain a heart, and merit to keep it.

Friendship without interest and love without deceit.

The tea of life, creamed with love, and sweeten'd with matrimony.

The spring of life and harvest of enjoyment.

The land we live in.

May we live at ease and die in peace.

May the single be married, and the married happy.

May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.

May our days be long and our hearts merry.

Health and pleasure, mirth and ease.

May the better fortunes of others, never put us out of conceit with our own.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

The sweets of friendship and the joys of love.

May our virtues, be rather the effect of religion, than the gift of nature.

Healths, hearts, homes, and inclinations.

Health and content to all our absent friends.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

Success to the lover, honour to the brave,

Health to the sick, and freedom to the slave. }

The man of my hopes, and the hopes of my heart.

Sightly, sprightly, sweet, and sincere.

May we always be blest with those we love best.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

More industry and less vanity to the people of Ireland.

Days of ease and nights of pleasure.

May

May those that love truly be always believed, and
none but deceivers be deceived.

Peace and plenty.

When love blows the gale let prudence be the
pilot.

The love of virtue and what virtue grants.

All fortune's daughters, but the eldest.

Love's laws and those laws fulfilled.

May our modesty restrain the uncivil tongue, and
chain up the licentious hand.

May our delicacy never meet with a frigid recep-
tion, nor our modesty with a cool indifference.

Constancy in love and sincerity in friendship.

Pleasure in view, but never out of reach.

The agreeable circle of our female acquaintance.

May the man we love be honest, and the land we
live in free.

May our innocence ever afford us pleasure, which
the lewd man never enjoys.

Plenty to the generous mind.

Money to him that has spirit to use it, }

And life to him that has courage to lose it. }

Love after enjoyment.

The union of two fond hearts.

The honest patriot and unbiassed Irishman.

May power ever continue in the friends of Ire-
land.

A speedy relief to the wants of the distressed.

The liberal hand that gives to some and lends to
others.

The steady friends of Ireland.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of
prosperity and adversity.

May our joy and vigour be united, and both be
extensive.

Memory full of honour.

Toilsome pleasure, pleasing toil.

F I N I S.



